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The Derwentwater Insurrection.

Part III.—The Execution.



MONG the captives taken at Preston were Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, Bairn, and Charles Murray, as well as members of the ancient Northern families of Collingwood, Thornton, Shafto, Charlton, Riddell, Clavering, and Swinburne. The number of prisoners taken, of all kinds, was about 1,600.

On laying down their arms, the unhappy prisoners were confined in one of the churches. Here many of them were so much in want of decent clothing that they stripped the pews of their baize-linings to protect themselves from the severity of the weather. Six of their number were condemned to be shot by martial law, as holding commissions under the Government against which they had borne arms. A great number of the private rebels were banished to the plantations of America, the very fate the dread of which made the Highlanders so unwilling to enter England.

The Earl of Derwentwater, with upwards of two hundred other prisoners, was escorted to London, which was reached on the 9th of December. On the way, it is reported that Derwentwater inquired how he and his brother prisoners were likely to be disposed of. On being told, he rejoined that there was one house which would hold them all, and they had the best title to it of any people in Europe—that was the Bedlam Hospital! At Highgate, the cavalcade was met by a detachment of guards, commanded by Major-General Tatton. Upon entering the town, the arms of each prisoner were pinioned, and his horse was led by a foot soldier with

fixed bayonet. The captive lords and gentlemen rode two abreast, in four divisions, each of which was preceded by a party of horse with drawn swords, and the drums of the escort beat a triumphal march. At the head of the fourth division rode the Earl of Derwentwater and the other English noblemen, with a priest, accompanied by Mr. Forster and Patten, his chaplain. At the head of another division rode the Scottish lords and the chief of Mackintosh. A company of dragoons brought up the rear. Past St. Giles's Pound and St. Giles's Church, at that time still in the Fields, through Holborn to Newgate, and through the chief streets of the city to the more distant Tower, the cavalcade advanced, attended by crowds of persons, some mounted, others in coaches, but the bulk on foot, "so that the road," says a writer who describes this strange spectacle, "was scarcely passable, and the windows and balconies were filled by people." Lord Derwentwater, with the other noblemen, was conducted to the Tower; Charles Radcliffe, Forster, Mackintosh, and about seventy other prisoners were conveyed to Newgate; the rest were located in the Marshalsea and the Fleet.

When Parliament opened on January 9, 1716, Mr. Lechmere, an influential member of the House of Commons, after a long and vehement speech, in which he descended upon the guilt of the insurgents, and the "many miraculous providences" which had baffled their designs, moved to impeach Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, and Bairn of high treason. No opposition was offered, and the impeachment was carried up to the Lords on the same day.

On February 9th, the noble prisoners were arraigned at Westminster. Lord Derwentwater pleaded guilty, acknowledged his guilt, and threw himself upon the king's mercy. He pleaded his youth and inexperience and various other palliating circumstances with which his case was attended—affirmed that his temper and inclination disposed him to live peaceably under his Majesty's Government, that he had never had any previous connection with any designs to subvert the reigning family, and that he took the first opportunity of submitting to the King's mercy; and concluded with a hope that their lordships would use their mediation for mercy on his behalf, which would lay him under the highest obligations of duty and affection to his Majesty, and perpetual gratitude to both Houses of Parliament. In spite of this appeal, however, he was condemned to suffer death as a traitor, according to its ancient barbarous form. The sentence was:—"You must be hanged by the neck, but not till you are dead, for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out and burned before your face; then your head must be severed from your body, and your body divided into four quarters, and these must be at the king's disposal." Orders, however, were afterwards issued that he should be merely beheaded, and his body given up to his friends.

Great interest was exerted with the Court and both Houses of Parliament in behalf of the earl. Lady Derwentwater, accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton and other ladies of the first rank, was introduced into the king's bedchamber, where she humbly implored his clemency for her unfortunate husband. Appeals were made to the cupidity, as well as to the compassion, of his Majesty's ministers; and Sir Robert Walpole declared in the House of Commons that £60,000 had been offered to him if he would obtain the pardon of the earl. Several of the staunchest Whigs in the House of Commons, amongst others Sir Richard Steele, were inclined to mercy; but Walpole, though usually distinguished by personal lenity and forbearance, took the lead in urging measures of severity, and declared that he was "moved with indignation to see that there should be such unworthy members of this great body who can without blushing open their mouths in favour of rebels and paricides." The minister moved the adjournment of the House till the 1st of March, it being understood that the condemned noblemen would be executed in the interval; but he carried his motion only by a majority of seven.

In the Upper House, a still more effectual stand was made on the side of mercy. The Duke of Richmond, a near relative of Lord Derwentwater's, consented to present a petition in his favour, though he voted against it. But the Earl of Nottingham, President of the Council, who in former times had been a supporter of Tory principles, suddenly gave his support to the petition. This unexpected defection from the Ministerial ranks made the resistance of the Government unavailing, and an ad-

dress to the King for a reprieve for such of the condemned lords as should deserve his mercy was carried by a majority of five. This result astonished and alarmed the Ministers, who met in Council the same evening, and drew up the King's answer to the address, merely stating "that on this and all other occasions he would do what he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown and the safety of his people." It was determined to comply with the opinion and feeling of the House of Lords so far as to respite the Earl of Carnwath and Lord Widdrington; but, to prevent any other interference, the three remaining peers were ordered for execution next morning. The same evening, however, Lord Nithsdale escaped out of the Tower; and thus the number of noble victims was finally reduced to two—Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure.

During the night preceding his execution the earl wrote a number of letters which, as his last work on earth, and his farewell to friends, may be fittingly reproduced here. The first is a letter to Lady Derwentwater:—

My Dearest Worldly Treasure,—I have sent you the enclosed, in which is contained all I know, but God knows I have as yet found little advantage by being a plain dealer, but, on the contrary, have always suffered for it, except by my sincerity to you, my dear, for which you made me as happy as this world can afford; and now I offer up the loss I am likely to have of you as a means to procure me eternal happiness, where I pray God we may meet after you have some years exercised your virtues, to the edification of all that know you. I have corrected a few faults in Croft's accounts, but I leave it to you to order everything as you please, for I am morally sure, with the grace of God, you will keep your promise. Somebody must take care of my poor brother Charles, to save him if possible. I will recommend him, however, by a few circular lines to my acquaintance. Lord Nithsdale has made his escape, upon which our unreasonable governor locked up the gates, and would not let me send the enclosed to you, and immediately locked us all up, though it was not eight of the clock, and could not be my fault, though it may prove my misfortune, by his management. If you do not think the enclosed signifies, make what use you will of it. Adieu, my dear, dear comfort!

The next is a letter addressed to Sir John Webb and his wife. It is as follows:—

The night before execution.
My dear Father and Mother,—By giving me your charming daughter you made me the happiest of men. For she loves me tenderly and constantly; she is honour itself, and has had my honour for this world very much at heart, but my happiness in the next is what has made her very vigilant to support all her misfortunes and mine. This morning we parted—my heart and hers were ready to break; but, thank God, we gave one another the best advice we could, and so in parting I offered up the loss of the greatest worldly treasure. I beg your pardon for having been the occasion of her unhappiness, but as you are both very good, I am persuaded you will think her dear soul in a good safe way; in short, she is virtue itself, and I all frailty who am, dear father and mother, your dutiful and loving son.

DERWENTWATER.

Execution day at 5 o'clock in the morning.

February 23rd [24th]

I wish your family, and all under your care, may do well, and that my poor little ones—being under my dear wife's management, and then if she fails, to Sir John—may follow the like good example, and be comfort to my dear, dear wife's friends.

There is another letter to Lady Derwentwater, apparently unfinished :—

My Dearest Worldly Treasure,—Take courage, and call upon God Almighty. Do not let any melancholy thought get the better of your virtues and your courage, which have been such an example to me. I deliver up my soul to God Almighty, and thus, through the merits of my dear Saviour's passion, I hope to obtain everlasting happiness. Tell Lord Scarborough, and Lord Lumley, and shew them this, by which as a man dying, I desire them to be true to their trust, by assisting you, my dear wife, or Sir John Webb, against anything that may happen to disturb the bringing up of my children in my religion, and after the way you or Sir John shall think fit. This service is in their power, and I do not doubt of their being true to their trust.

To his mother, who had then married Mr. James Rooke, her third husband, the earl wrote as follows :—

Dear Mother,—Within five hours of the time of execution I write these lines to ask your blessing; to assure you that though I have not been brought up with you, I have all the natural love and duty that is owing to a mother, who has shown her tenderness particularly in my last misfortune, and it is in necessity that one should find one's friends. I thank God, I forgive my greatest enemies, recommending my soul to Almighty God. I hope, if you are inclined to think my religion the best, that you will consider one must not trifle with our Saviour, for fear of a surprise; in short, I wish you as well as myself, and remain, dear Mother, your dutiful son to the last moment.

I wish Mr. Rooke very well; he is a man of great honour, and I hope you will bear with one another, as married people must make each other happy.

On the morning of the 24th February the victims were brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill. Lord Derwentwater was first conducted to the fatal spot. He was observed to turn very pale as he ascended the steps; but his voice was firm, and his demeanour steady and composed. Having passed some time in prayer, he requested permission to read a paper which he had drawn up. This request being readily granted, he went to the rails of the scaffold, and read the following statement :—

Being in a few minutes to appear before the tribunal of God, where, though most unworthy, I hope to find mercy, which I have not found from men now in power, I have endeavoured to make my peace with his Divine Majesty, by most humbly begging pardon for all the sins of my life; and I doubt not of merciful forgiveness through the merits of the passion and death of my Saviour, Jesus Christ, for which end I earnestly desire the prayers of all good Christians. After this, I am to ask pardon of those whom I might have scandalised by pleading guilty at my trial. Such as were permitted to come to me told me that, having been undeniably in arms, pleading guilty was but the consequence of having submitted to mercy; and many arguments were used to prove there was nothing of moment in so doing . . . But I am sensible that in this I have made bold with my loyalty, having never any other but King James the Third for my rightful and lawful sovereign. Him I had an inclination to serve from my infancy, and was moved thereto by a natural love I had to his person, knowing him to be capable of making his people happy. And though he had been of a different religion from mine, I should have done for him all that lay in my power, as my ancestors have done for his predecessors, being therunto bound by the laws of God and man. Wherefore, if in this affair I have acted rashly, it ought not to affect the innocent. I intended to wrong nobody, but to serve my King and country, and that without self-interest, hoping by the example I gave, to have induced others to do their duty; and God, who sees the secrets of my heart knows I speak truth. Some means have been proposed to me for

saving my life, which I looked upon as inconsistent with honour and conscience, and therefore I rejected them; for with God's assistance I shall prefer any death to the doing a base unworthy action. I only wish now that the laying down my life might contribute to the service of my King and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of these kingdoms, without which no lasting peace or true happiness can attend them. Then I should indeed part with life even with pleasure. As it is, I can only pray that these blessings may be bestowed upon my dear country; and since I can do no more, I beseech God to accept of my life as a small sacrifice towards it. I die a Roman Catholic. I am in perfect charity with all the world—I thank God for it—even with those of the present Government who are most instrumental in my death. I freely forgive such as ungenerously reported false things of me; and I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth by the Father of infinite mercy, into whose hand I commend my soul.

JAMES DERWENTWATER.

P.S.—If that Prince who now governs had given me my life, I should have thought myself obliged never more to have taken up arms against him.

After reading this paper, he turned to the block, and viewed it closely. Finding in it a rough place that might hurt his neck, he desired the executioner to chip it off. This being done, he prepared himself for the blow by taking off his coat and waistcoat; and, fitting his head to the block, he told the executioner that, upon his repeating for the third time the sentence, "Dear Jesus, be merciful to me!" he was to perform his office. At these words, accordingly, the executioner raised his axe and severed the head from the body at one blow.

Thus died, in his twenty-eighth year, the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. In a few minutes afterwards, the equally unfortunate Earl of Kenmure submitted to the same violent death.

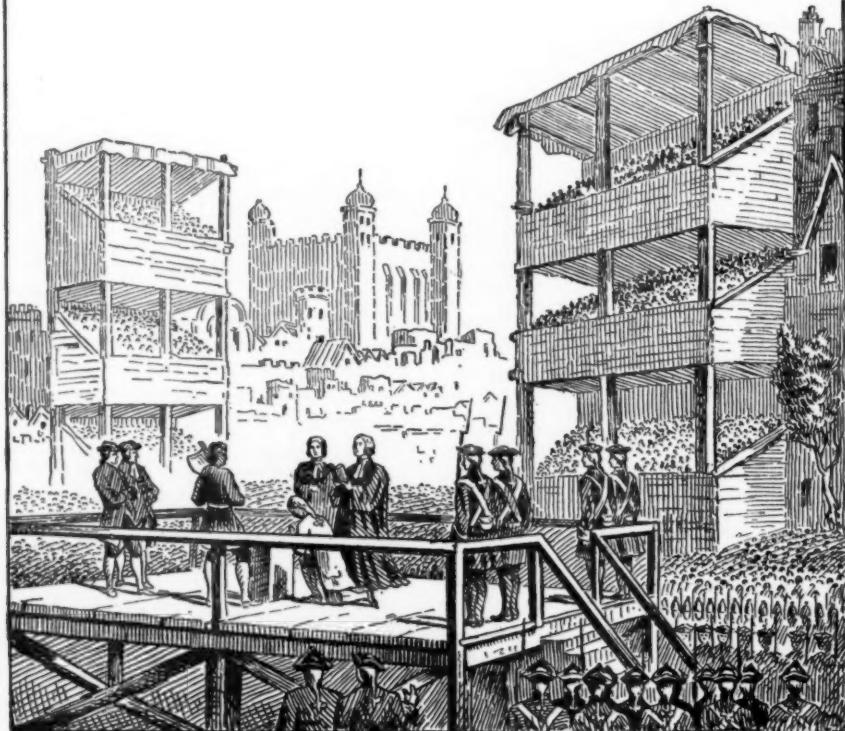
It was reported that, the evening before his execution, the Earl of Derwentwater sent for Mr. Roome, an undertaker, to give him directions regarding his funeral, and desired that a silver plate might be put upon his coffin, with an inscription importing that he died a sacrifice for his lawful sovereign; but Mr. Roome hesitating to comply with the request, he was dismissed. This was the reason no hearse was provided at his execution. The earl's head was taken up by one of his servants, and put into a clean handkerchief, while the body was wrapped in black cloth, both being conveyed to the Tower. The name of this servant was Francis Wilson, who shortly afterwards came to reside at Nafferton, about five miles eastward from Dilston, on the opposite side of the Tyne, where he lived until about 1773. Wilson treasured with great care the handkerchief in which he wrapped the head of the earl and a pair of silver buckles which he wore. The remains were said to have been subsequently buried in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. It is not known whether a mock-funeral only took place, or the body was afterwards disinterred, but it is certain that it was carried into Northumberland, and deposited in the family vault at Dilston, where it was seen, in 1805, by a deputation from the Greenwich Hospital Commissioners. According to tradition, the remains were secretly conveyed to his

native county, the procession moving only by night, and resting by day in chapels dedicated to the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, where the funeral services of that church were performed, until the approach of night permitted the procession to resume its progress northward. The first place out of London at which the body rested was Dagenham Park, near Romford, in Essex, which Lady Derwentwater rented during her lord's imprisonment. At Ingatestone there was, many years ago, in an almshouse founded by Lord Petre's family, an old woman who had frequently heard from her mother that she assisted in sewing on the earl's head. Another servant of the earl, named Dunn, who drove the carriage with the remains from London to Dilston, afterwards resided and died at the Burnt House near Netherton. At Thorndon (Lord Petre's seat), there is an oaken chest with an inscription in brass, engraved by Lady Derwentwater's orders, containing Lord Derwentwater's dress which he wore on the scaffold—coat,

waistcoat, and small-clothes of black velvet; stockings that rolled over the knee; a wig of very fair hair, that fell down on each side of the breast; a part of his shirt, the neck having been cut away; the black serge that covered the scaffold; and also a piece which covered the block, stiff with blood, and with the marks of the axe in it.

The fate of the young nobleman excited very general commiseration, especially in the North of England, where he had been deservedly beloved for his amiable qualities. The large number of sympathetic ballads in existence shows that popular feeling was enlisted on his behalf. In his "Visits to Remarkable Places," William Howitt thus summarises the state of matters in Northumberland:—"The apparent cruelty of the Earl's execution led to his being esteemed in the light of a martyr; handkerchiefs steeped in his blood were preserved as sacred relics; and when the mansion-house was demolished, amid the regrets of the neighbourhood,

*Execution of Lord Derwentwater.
(From an Old Print)*



there was great difficulty in obtaining hands to assist in a work of destruction which was considered almost sacrilegious. The ignorant peasantry, too, were not slow to receive the superstitious stories that were propagated ; and often has the wandering rustic, beside the winter's hearth, listened to the fearful tale of how the spouts of Dilston Hall ran blood, and the very corn which was in the act of being ground came from the mill tinged with a sanguine hue on the day the earl was beheaded. The aurora borealis was observed to flash with unwonted brilliancy on that fatal night—an omen, it was said, of heaven's wrath ; and to this day many of the country people know that meteor only by the name of 'Lord Derwentwater's Lights.'

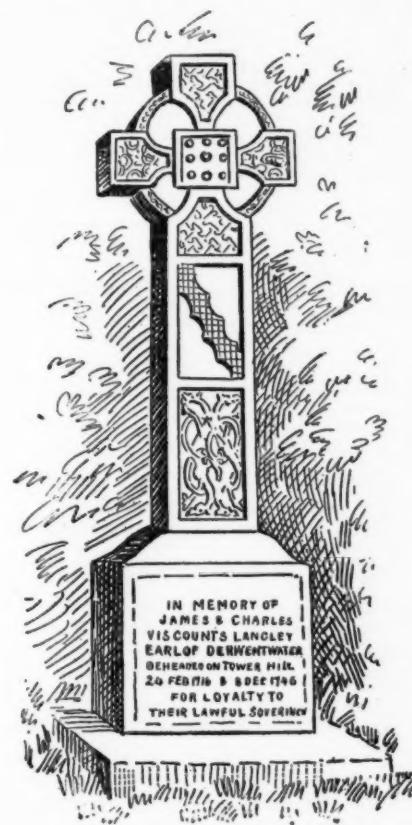
The body was interred at Dilston, after having been embalmed. The embalming process rendered it necessary to remove the heart, which, according to popular report, was placed in a casket and conveyed to Angers, in France. Here it was in the care of a body of English nuns. It afterwards was removed to the chapel of the Augustine nuns at Paris, where it remained until, during the turmoil of the French Revolution, it was taken from the niche in the wall in which it rested, and was buried in a neighbouring cemetery.

Lord Derwentwater left two children—a son and daughter. The latter, born in 1716, after her father's death, married, in 1732, Lord Petre. The son died in France at the age of nineteen, in consequence, it is said, of a fall from his horse. Lady Derwentwater died at the age of thirty, and was buried at Louvain.

Some time after the execution of Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure, several of the less distinguished leaders of the rebellion perished at Tyburn ; amongst these, however, were not numbered Forster, Mackintosh, and Charles Radcliffe, who, as well as some other persons, effected their escape from Newgate. Charles Radcliffe, however, escaped only for a time the death to which he was condemned (May 8, 1716). He found an asylum in France, where he lived in a state of great indigence, and where, in 1724, he married Lady Charlotte Mary Livingstone, Countess of Newbrough in her own right. In 1733, and again in 1735, he paid a visit to England, and made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a pardon. At last, in 1745, his ardent spirit was roused to action by the attempt of Prince Charles Stuart to regain the throne of his ancestors. Accompanied by his son and several Scotch and Irish officers, he embarked on board a French ship-of-war, bound for the coast of Scotland, and fell into the hands of the Hanoverians. After lying a year in confinement, Charles Radcliffe was brought to the bar of the King's Bench, when the sentence which had been passed upon him thirty years before was again read to him. Radcliffe pleaded that he was a subject of France, and that he held a commission from the French king ; but the court overruled the plea, and he was condemned to die. He perished on a scaffold on Tower Hill, on

the 8th of December, 1746, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

The estates of the Radcliffes were confiscated by the Government, and handed over to the authorities of Greenwich Hospital. Most of them have since been sold to private owners. Langley Castle and the land



around it were purchased by Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates, who erected near the castle a few years ago the memorial cross of which we give an engraving.

Turnip Husbandry.

By the late W. Mealands Robson.



If the tale of agricultural improvement could be told in any two syllables, it would be those which spell turnips. To ask a farmer now-a-days to farm without turnips, would be like asking the Israelites of old to make bricks without straw ; and yet there was a time, and not so far back

in the history of this country, when turnips were as great a novelty as guano was in our own day. There were no turnips at no very remote period. Turnip husbandry is later than our first turnpike road. Let us learn from Macaulay what our fathers had to do and to do without in the days when there were no turnips:—

The rotation of crops was very imperfectly understood. It was known, indeed, that some vegetables lately introduced into our island, particularly the turnip, afforded excellent nutriment in winter to sheep and oxen; but it was not yet the practice to feed cattle in this manner. It was therefore by no means easy to keep them alive during the season when the grass is scanty. They were killed and salted in great numbers at the beginning of the cold weather; and, during several months, even the gentry tasted scarcely any fresh animal food, except game and river fish, which were consequently much more important articles in housekeeping than at present. It appears from the Northumberland Household Book that in the reign of Henry the Seventh fresh meat was never eaten even by the gentlemen attendant on a great Earl, except during the short interval between Midsummer and Michaelmas. But in the course of two centuries an improvement had taken place; and under Charles the Second it was not till the beginning of November that families laid in their stock of salt provisions, then called Martinmas beef.

What would we say if for only three instead of nine months of the year we had to go without fresh meat, nay, what if for only one single month? We cannot conceive the possibility of not being able to procure fresh beef and mutton either for love or money. The thing seems preposterous, and the idea incredible. But if in aught history is to be believed, this was the case in the reign of the Second Charles and for long afterwards. How long afterwards is more than I can say, and I am not disposed to hazard a conjecture. I have no wish to discredit my authority, and I am ready to admit that by the reign of Charles the Second the turnip had been introduced into this country. So had the potato in the reign of Elizabeth or that of James the First. But neither had become generally known. Sir Walter Scott tells us that in Scotland, so late as in 1745, the now all but universally grown potato was then all but totally unknown, and that the only esculent of the cottar was the kail or colewort which grew luxuriantly amidst nettles and national thistles. If the potato was so long in making its way, how long might not have been the turnip? It is one thing for a root or a plant to be known as a botanical curiosity, or even as being grown in gardens, and quite another to have it as the subject of cultivation as common husbandry. The fact is that the turnip as a root to be raised in the fields was unknown in this country until after the accession of the House of Hanover in 1714. The Marquis of Townshend was made Secretary of State at the accession of George I. in 1714, continued in office until the close of 1716, and resumed office again in 1721. Now George I., much to the dissatisfaction and disgust of the English people, was continually visiting and sojourning at the petty place from which he came. As far as might depend upon the king personally, Britain for half the year round was

ruled from Hanover. While at Herrenhausen, the king had, as a matter of course, to be attended by an English Minister, and the Marquis of Townshend was the one who went oftenest abroad. It was in Hanover where the Marquis of Townshend first saw turnips growing in the fields, and from whence he introduced their cultivation into his own county of Norfolk. According to John Grey, of Dilston, no turnips grew on a Northumberland field until between the years 1760 and 1770, although they had been sown and reared in gardens for several years before.

When turnips were first introduced, there was a prejudice against them on account of their coming from Hanover. But I venture to say that the turnip was cheap to this country at the cost of all the wars which ever we were driven or drawn in to wage for German objects and German interests. What, indeed, has not turnip husbandry done for England? Why, practically, it has doubled our acreage and doubled the duration of our summer. Turnips are the raw material of beef and mutton. Turnips have made us for a very great part of the year independent of grass, and have enabled us to go on feeding the whole year round. How could the present population be found with animal food except by means of turnips? If that man is a benefactor to his species who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, what must the Marquis of Townshend have been to have found food for nations and generations? And yet the Marquis of Townshend is hardly so much as noticed in history for the introduction of turnips. What signify Ministerial intrigues and Parliamentary squabbles at this day? Half a line of Pope has made Townshend immortal—"All Townshend's turnips and all Grosvenor's mines."

We are apt to regard Christmas beef as something coeval with creation. There could not be any such thing as Christmas beef in the first quarter of the last century. We talk fondly of roast beef being true old English fare. We might rather have termed it rare old English fare, for our fathers only knew it from Midsummer to Martinmas.

But the good of turnip husbandry is not by any means confined to the production of beef and mutton. Turnips make manure, and manure makes corn. Turnips really and truly mean everything. Get but turnips, and all other things are added, or rather implied. The great value of guano and other portable manures is in enabling turnips to be grown. No man can tell how much turnip husbandry has not augmented our annual product of corn. Neither can any man measure how much turnip husbandry has increased, is increasing, and will increase our national wealth. If Grosvenor's mines had been as rich as those of Peru, they could not have done so much for England and the English people as Townshend's turnips.

Julia St. George.

BROAD CHARE, a thoroughfare running between the Quayside and the Cowgate, Newcastle, now almost entirely given over to commercial purposes, has the honour of being the birthplace of Julia St. George, a famous actress of the past generation. There is some romance about Julia's family history. Her father had been a lieutenant in the English army; but, becoming enamoured of the stage, he sold his commission, and, much against the wishes of his wife, became an actor. He was a native of Switzerland, having been born in Berne, whilst his father, who held a commission in the German Legion, was a Frenchman by birth, and his mother was a German lady. The mother of Miss St. George was born at Alnmouth, in Northumberland. When Julia was but seven months old her father died; and shortly afterwards her mother removed with her little family to No. 47, Blackett Street, where they resided for several years. Then they quitted that house for a picturesque old cottage near the Oatmeal Mill in Pandon Dene. The old cottage is depicted in the accompanying sketch. "Those were happy days," says Miss St. George in a letter to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1883; "for I had a sweet little garden within the palings that are shown in the picture." Julia received her education at the academy kept by Mr. Hay, at the corner of St. Mary's Place and Northumberland Street. Mr. Hay, who was one of the kindest of human beings, called upon the mother of the future actress and offered to educate her little girl free of charge.

The professional career of Miss St. George commenced when she was a mere child, and her first appearance before the public was at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, when the house was under the management of Mr. Penley. She represented a child's part in the lyrical drama of the "Soldier's Daughter," and the celebrated Mrs. Nesbit appeared in the piece. She next appeared on the same stage as Albert in "William Tell," with Mr. Sheridan Knowles. These data are important as entirely upsetting an old and romantic story that Miss St. George's talents were accidentally discovered by Mr. Ternan, another lessee of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, who, it was said, whilst walking through the shady paths of Pandon Dene, heard her singing in her mother's cottage. Miss St. George's third appearance before the public was at the evening concerts of the Polytechnic Exhibition held in Newcastle in 1840. Two concerts, given under the auspices of the local Philharmonic Society, next brought the juvenile vocalist before the public, and it may be mentioned that Miss Clara Novello and Miss Birch were amongst the artistes who appeared at these entertainments. Afterwards came the

Saturday Night Concerts in the Lecture Room. The child would be about ten years old at this time, and no doubt she was small enough in stature to give some colour to the statement so often made that she was placed upon a chair in order that she might be seen whilst singing. The songs which brought her into greatest favour with the public at these entertainments were "The Banks of Allan Water" and "My Mother bids me Bind my Hair." An engagement with Mr. Ternan, at the Theatre Royal, was then procured for her and she appeared as the Duke of York in "Richard III," and (with great success) as Prince Arthur in "King John." The wonderful talents as a vocalist which the little actress possessed were utilised for singing popular



airs, such as "Meet me in the Willow Glen," &c., between the play and the after-piece. Under the kindly care of Mrs. Ternan, Miss St. George accompanied the company to Carlisle and Doncaster, and at the conclusion of short seasons in the two towns returned again to Newcastle.

Thoroughly launched, by this time, on a professional career, the young girl filled successful engagements in Liverpool, Dublin, and Edinburgh. In the last-named city she appeared at the Theatre Royal, then under the management of Mr. Murray, and by her splendid rendering of operatic and other ballads took the place by storm. So great was her success in this series of performances, that it procured her the offer of a London engagement at an unusually early period; and from Edinburgh she went to the metropolis, where she joined the company under the management of Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells Theatre. At first she appeared in the *soubrette* parts of the lighter pieces produced at that home of the legitimate drama; but Mr. Phelps quickly formed a high estimate of her talents, and, in allusion to her smallness of stature,

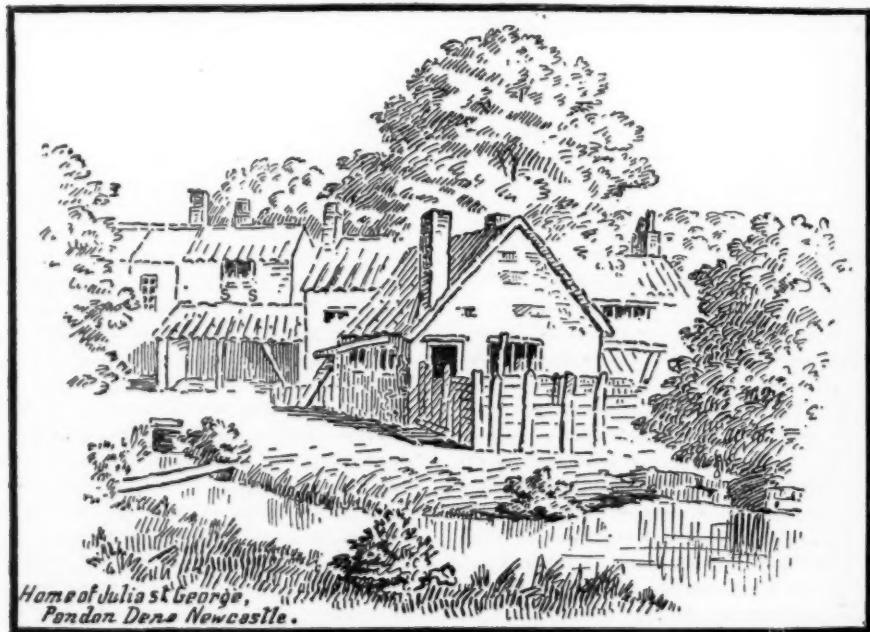
he was wont to say : "If I thought you would grow two inches taller, I'd come and sprinkle you with a watering-pot every morning." When "The Tempest" was brought out at "the Wells," the young actress was cast for the part of Ariel. The performance was Miss St. George's first real success in London. The critics were unanimous in its praise, and *The Times* and the *Athenaeum* were especially emphatic in their commendations. From this time forward the Newcastle actress was an established favourite in the metropolis, and she made her home by the banks of the Thames. Her engagement with Mr. Phelps lasted for three seasons, and she only quitted the Sadler's Wells company to join that enlisted under the banner of Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris at the Lyceum, the fashionable theatre of the day.

The principal parts in burlesques, extravaganzas, operettas, and burlettas were allotted to her at this house, and under the fostering care of Madame Vestris she attained the zenith of her powers. For eight seasons this engagement lasted, and during the summer vacation of each year she regularly visited the provinces. She appeared in Newcastle in the course of one of her brief provincial tours, and the enthusiasm with which she was received during the performance has been described as something marvellous. Thoroughly mistress of her business as an actress, she imparted a charm and a brightness to her impersonations in operetta or extravaganza which the audiences found to be well-nigh irre-

sistible. One of the airs in which she made the strongest impression was Balfe's "We may be Happy yet."

At the close of her engagement at the Lyceum, Miss St. George joined the Olympic Company, which was under the management of Mr. Alfred Wigan. Here she was associated with the memorable burlesque triumphs in which the great Robson figured so conspicuously, and in the "King of the Gold Mines," "The First Night," and "The Discreet Princess," she sustained the fame which she had won at the Lyceum. After an engagement extending over three years, Miss St. George closed her connection with Mr. Wigan's company, her intention being to undertake a tour as a public entertainer—a line of business in which Miss Priscilla Horton, Miss Emma Stanley, and others had earned much more money than could be obtained in theatrical companies. A musical and dramatic entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics"—written by Miss A. B. Edwards, the music by J. F. Duggan—brought her before the public in a new character, and she was again most successful. This was in 1856, and the enterprise was continued for about a couple of years.

But the fair entertainer found that the task of incessant travelling from town to town, combined with that of commanding the approval of her audiences single-handed, was more than her physical powers would bear, and so she relinquished the adventure. For nearly twenty years afterwards Miss St. George retained a high



position in London and the provinces as a vocalist, actress, and elocutionist. Since her retirement from the stage, the accomplished actress whose name and fame are associated with Pandon Dene has lived tranquilly and quietly in London.

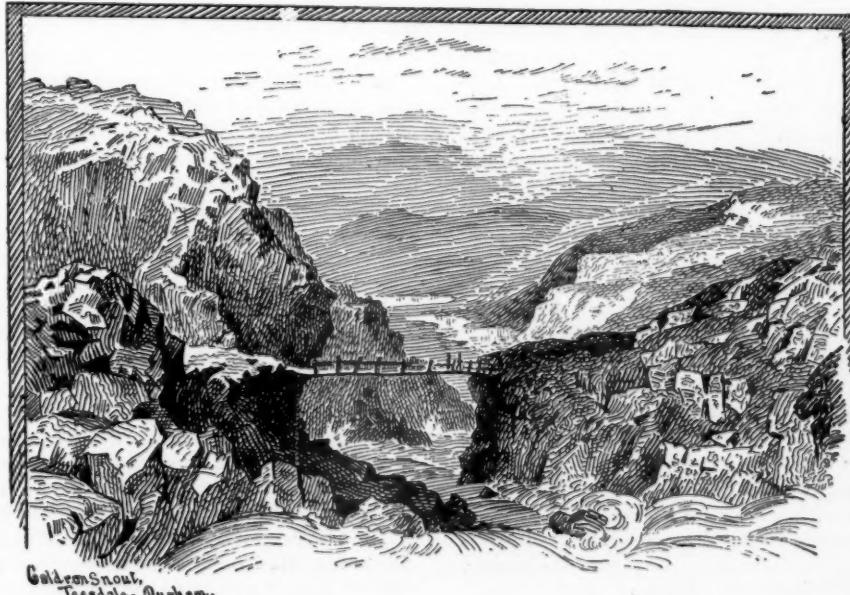
Cauldron Snout.

OME ten miles from its source the river Tees expands into a kind of lake called the Weel, or Wield, whence it rushes over a rocky bed, and forms innumerable cascades. About a mile below the Weel is the cascade known as Cauldron Snout. Such is the force of the water there that it is asserted by some authorities a tremulous motion is communicated to the adjacent rocks. This is as wild and eerie a spot as is to be found in the county of Durham. Situate about a dozen miles from Middleton-in-Teesdale, and about the same distance from Appleby in Westmoreland, it is quite out of the beaten track of the tourist; indeed, few but ardent naturalists ever visit the spot, and then only for the rare entomological and botanical specimens that may be found in the district. The geologist will view with interest the Falcon Clints, a huge mass of greenstone on the left bank of the Tees, extending for some distance from the vicinity of Cauldron Snout. The only signs of human life near are some lead mines; all else is bleak moorland. Our sketch of the scenery around Cauldron Snout is copied from Allom's Views.

Charles and Eugene d'Albert.

EUGENE D'ALBERT (or, to give his full name, Eugene Francois Charles d'Albert), who was born in Glasgow, on Sunday, April 10, 1864, is the younger son of the late Charles Louis Napoleon d'Albert. The certificate of the birth and baptism of Eugene's father (which I have read myself) proves, beyond doubt, that Charles d'Albert was born at Nienstädt—a village near the Elbe, on the road between Hamburg and Blankenese—on February 25, 1809, and was baptised in the Roman Catholic Church there on June 20, 1810. From the same certificate we learn also that Charles d'Albert's father was a cavalry captain in the French Army, and that his mother, Chretienne Sophie Henriette, née Schultz, was a native of Hamburg. I have seen, too, a peculiar kind of coin, or medal, which bears on one side the head of Louis XV. of France, and on the other a prelate blessing a man and woman. Round the edge of the coin is engraved the names of Charles d'Albert's parents, married August 16, 1805.

Several years after this marriage, the mother and son migrated to England, where Madame d'Albert, by her accomplishments, gained a livelihood and educated her child. Although it is not known for certain at what time they settled in England, I have authority for stating that they arrived in this country before Charles was 19 years of age. The mother was a good musician, and the



boy's first musical education in Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven was imparted by her. Whilst they were living in London, Charles d'Albert received lessons on the piano from Kalkbrenner, and several years after he became a pupil of Dr. Wesley in composition. He also learnt dancing at the King's Theatre, London, and at the Conservatoire in Paris. On his return to England from Paris, he became ballet master at the King's Theatre and



Charles D'Albert.

at Covent Garden. He soon relinquished these posts, and devoted himself to teaching dancing and composing dance music. He ultimately settled in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where, in 1835, he published a work on "Ball-Room Etiquette." In 1863, he married Miss Annie Rowell—a lady who kept a school in North Street, Queen Square, Newcastle.

Mr. Charles d'Albert, who enjoyed great fame both as an excellent dancing master and as a composer of popular and graceful dance music, taught generation after generation of the bonnie lasses of the "canny toon" the Art of Terpsichore. His teaching connection was so large that he also went every year to Scotland to give lessons; and it was during one of his professional visits there with his wife that Eugene was born in Glasgow.

Mr. Chappel, the well-known London music publisher, stood godfather to Eugene. The boy, who lived with his parents in Leazes Terrace, Newcastle, at a very early age manifested a marvellous talent and love for music. One day—when Eugene was only a few years old—a lady friend called upon his parents, and sang to them some Christmas carols. After she had finished, the boy, to the great astonishment of those present, went straight to the pianoforte and played the same carols quite correctly, though he had heard them only once.

Eugene never cared for presents of toys or to play with other children, but was always to be found at the piano, or writing music on every scrap of paper he could lay hands upon. One day, when his mother said to him, "Eugene, I cannot give you any more money, because you spend it all on music and paper," the boy answered: "Mother, to me music is the same as bread; I cannot live without it."

Many years ago, his mother's cousin, Miss Mary Sopwith, of Tynemouth, showed me an overture in manuscript remarkably well written for a boy of eight years of age. Miss Sopwith told me that this was the first of the boy's innumerable "scribblings" which his father thought worth while to keep, and when he gave it to Miss Sopwith, he said:—"Take care of it. One day, when my son is a famed musician, it may be of interest to possess it." The overture, which is composed in E flat, and neatly written in pencil, bears the following inscription:—"Overture, composed and dedicated to Miss Mary Sopwith by her little cousin Eugy d'Albert (when eight years of age), April 3rd, 1873." That his father was not wrong in foreseeing the coming greatness of his little son we know now, when Eugene is "the central figure in the musical world," at the age of 26 years.

Eugene was never sent to school, but received his general education from his mother, who was also his first music teacher. Afterwards he had lessons from his father, who was a performer on the pianoforte and the violin, and from Mr. Marshall Bell, a much respected Newcastle musician, at present residing in London. He had also some lessons, whilst visiting London with his parents, from the well-known pianist and composer, Mr. Geo. H. Osborne, who, after having heard the boy play for the first time, informed Eugene's father that his son "would never be anything else but a musician."

In 1876, the National Training School for Music, the pioneer of the Royal College of Music, was opened. Among the pupils who commenced their career there was the young genius, Eugene d'Albert. He was then twelve years of age, and had gained, at the age of eleven years, a free scholarship in a public competition held in the Mechanics' Institute, Newcastle—one of three scholarships that had been founded by local subscriptions for residents in the county of Northumberland. Miss Louisa East, daughter of the late Rev. Rowland B. East, vicar of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, was also on the same occasion one of the successful competitors for a scholarship in singing.

Eugene commenced his studies under the following musicians:—Sir (then Mr.) Arthur Sullivan, the principal of the new school, for composition and instrumentation; Sir (then Dr.) John Stainer, for harmony and counterpoint; Mr. Ernst Pauer for pianoforte; and, later on, Mr. Ebenezer Prout for orchestration. The boy was most assiduous in his studies—once he wrote and scored a complete mass as a holiday task. His progress was so

satisfactory that, after a competitive examination among the pupils, he was elected to the Queen's Scholarship founded by her Majesty. He enjoyed the advantages of this until he left the school in 1881. He was then, on the recommendation of Sir Arthur Sullivan, nominated to the Mendelssohn's Scholarship. This, the most valuable prize in the United Kingdom, was founded in London in the year 1848, by way of commemorating the great musician whose death the world of music was then lamenting. Its object is to enable native musicians who have shown decided talents to continue their musical studies either in England or abroad, forwarding to the trustees, from time to time, fresh compositions. There is a stipend of about £90 per annum paid to the scholar. However, on account of non-compliance with the regulations, and at the request of young d'Albert himself, the trustees removed him at the end of the first year.

During the five years he was a scholar at the Training School in London, he was commanded twice to play before the Queen. He appeared for the first time in public as a composer at the Students' Concert, June 23, 1879, given before the Prince and Princess of Wales, in St. James's Hall, an overture by the youth for full orchestra being performed. The following year, whilst he was still a scholar at the Training School, he made his *début* as a pianist, at the Monday Popular Concert in St. James's Hall, on Nov. 22, 1880, when he played "with taste and technical skill" Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," and, together with Piatti, Beethoven's Sonata in A major, for piano and violoncello. His next public appearance in London as a pianist took place at the Crystal Palace Concert, on Saturday, February 5, 1881, when a most remarkable performance of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A excited the greatest enthusiasm. On March the 10th, the same year, he played again Schumann's Concerto at the Philharmonic Society's Concert; and, lastly, at the Monday Popular Concert, given on March 28, in St. James's Hall, he played Mozart's pianoforte trio in E major, in company with Joachim and Piatti.

When the great Vienna conductor, Hans Richter, was in London in the autumn of 1881, he was told by the late Dr. Francis Hueffer, the musical critic of *The Times*, that a young Englishman, Eugene d'Albert, unknown to fame as a composer, had written a pianoforte concerto. Richter expressed a wish to see the score. This was produced, and he quickly recognised its merits. No time was lost in turning theoretic admiration into practical assistance. The pianoforte composition in A minor, which was written when the composer was only sixteen years of age, was played by d'Albert, and received the place of honour in Richter's first concert of the season, October 24, 1881. D'Albert was loudly applauded after each movement, and three times recalled at the close.

After Mr. Charles d'Albert had made arrangements for his son to go to Vienna, Richter took the composer

and his work with him, to prepare for another triumph in the city of Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven. In Richter's home, where young d'Albert was treated as a son by the conductor and his wife, he spent the winter, and, early in the spring of 1882, he made his *début* as a composer and pianist at a concert in Vienna. Shortly afterwards he returned under Richter's auspices to London, and played Rubenstein's Pianoforte Concerto, op. 70, in D minor, at Richter's Concert in St. James's Hall, May 3, 1882. Since that time d'Albert has never appeared in England, although he has been concert-touring in most European countries.

In the autumn of 1882, Eugene commenced his musical studies in Weimar under Liszt's directions, and soon became a favourite pupil of the abbé. During the time he was with Liszt, Eugene was often concert-touring, and entirely maintained himself. Strange to say, Eugene d'Albert bears a most striking facial resemblance to the great pianist Tausig, and this, combined with the youth's extraordinary technical skill, induced Liszt to call him "the young Tausig," or "the little Tausig." However, such freaks of nature are by no means uncommon in the musical world. Does not Rubenstein bear a great resemblance to Beethoven, and the great pianist Friedheim to Abbé Liszt?

The following is an extract from a sketch called "Some Pupils of Liszt," written by Mr. Albert Morris Bagby, an American, who studied with Liszt (1884) in Weimar:

One sultry noonday in July, 1885, a small group of musical celebrities from Berlin stood hatless—having converted their head covering into temporary fans—in



the shade of a low, uneven row of ancient houses in the city of Weimar, and expectantly watched the nearest turn in the street. Just as the heat was pronounced insupportable, two well-known figures sauntered arm-in-arm around the corner—one the venerable form of Franz Liszt, his flowing white locks surmounted by an old-fashioned till hat, his shirt collar thrown open, revealing

a throat which rivalled in colour the high flush of his visage ; and the other Eugen d'Albert, a short youth with a round face and small black eyes, whose heavy shock of dark brown hair fell about his face *à la Liszt*, and was topped by an artist's wide-brimmed slouch hat, the crown of which just brushed the master's shoulders. It was not the odd contrasting couple which so forcibly impressed all beholders alike ; it was the two great men of genius walking side by side—a tottering old man with one foot already in his grave, and his pupil the younger by half a century and in the very spring-time of life; one, the greatest piano-virtuoso of any time, behind whom lay an unprecedentedly brilliant career for more than three score years ; the other, though scarcely more than a lad, the most famous musical artist of his generation, with a future of unlimited possibilities just opening up for him. Little d'Albert had only three years ago severed his leading strings, and now, with half Europe at his feet, the central figure in the musical world that his genius had conquered, he had returned to the guide and counsellor of his student days at Weimar. The two exchanged greetings with the gentlemen who had come—with d'Albert—on a twenty-four hours' visit to the city, and then they crossed the stony way in a body to the cooler shade of Chenelius's restaurant garden to partake of a dinner in Liszt's honour.

Several circumstances had occurred which I have no authority to publish here—but which, if known, would at least explain young d'Albert's change of feeling towards the country which gave him birth—and, also why he was indiscreet enough, whilst in Munich, to publish the following letter in the *Neue Musik-Zeitung* of Cologne on March 15, 1884 :—

Much honoured Mr. Editor,—A short time ago I received a copy of your excellent paper containing a sketch of my life. Permit me to correct a few errors I find therein. Above all things, I scorn the title of "English pianist." Unfortunately, I studied for a considerable period in that land of fog, but during that time I learned absolutely nothing; indeed, had I remained there much longer, I should have gone to utter ruin. You are consequently wrong in stating in your article that the Englishmen mentioned were my "teachers." From them I learnt nothing, and, indeed, no one could learn anything properly from them. I have to thank my father, Hans Richter, and Franz Liszt for everything. It is my decided opinion, moreover, that the system of general musical instruction in England is such that any talent following its rules must become fruitless. Only since I left that barbarous land have I begun to live. And I live now for the unique, true, glorious German art.

EUGEN D'ALBERT.

This letter created quite a storm among English musicians, and many articles on the subject appeared in different papers. When, therefore, on June 5, 1885, Hans Richter introduced, for the first time in England, an overture, "Hölderlin's Hyperon," composed by Eugen d'Albert, the overture was received in such a manner as could only be expected when the composer had distinguished himself in so unhappy a manner ; and there is not much hope of its revival in this country.

However, nothing daunted, Richter introduced in the following year, at his concert on May 24, 1885, another of d'Albert's compositions, a symphony, in four parts, op. 4, in F major. Although the symphony was far too long (for it lasted 50 minutes), and the English critics found the composer "more German than even the Germans," so remarkable was the work—"remarkable for earnestness of purpose, skill in treatment of subjects, but especially

for clearness, effectiveness, and often entire originality of orchestration" (vide *Musical Standard*, May 29, 1886)—that even d'Albert's antagonists were compelled to acknowledge that it was a work of a most highly-gifted musician. At the close, Richter, the staunch friend of d'Albert, was recalled several times. Alas ! two days after the young composer's triumph—Eugen was not in England at that time—death robbed him of his father, of whom he was passionately fond.

Of Eugene's capacity as a pianist, Von Bulow has said :—"There are but three great pianists in the world—Rubenstein, myself, and d'Albert ; but the last is yet young, and bids fair to surpass us all."

In 1884, at the age of twenty, Eugene d'Albert married at Heligoland, Fraulein Louise Salingré, an actress of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Weimar. Owing entirely to his successful concert-tourings, d'Albert lives now in affluent circumstances at the small picturesque town of Eisenach, in his own magnificent house, Villa d'Albert. The house commands a charming view of the Castle of Warburg—an edifice abounding in interesting reminiscences. It was here the Minnesänger (the minstrels of Germany) assembled in 1207 to test their skill—the famous "Sängerkrieg"; here also resided St. Elizabeth, who died in 1231; and it was here that Martin Luther lived from May 4, 1521, to March 6, 1522, disguised as a young nobleman—Junker George—whilst he was devoting himself to his translation of the Bible.

Eugene d'Albert, who has become a vegetarian, is now on a tour in the United States, along with the Spanish violinist, Pablo Sarasate.

There is in Mrs. Charles d'Albert's possession a letter dated Versailles, Dec. 6th, 1849, written by J. V. Voisin, a cousin of her husband's, in which the writer says :—"I love to recall to my memory the little Charles, when he was six years of age, because he was so well brought up, and showed such excellent heart." The writer also rejoices to see that the musical talents Charles showed as a child had borne fruit, and that his compositions were well received. It is evident that Eugene has inherited his musical talents from his father's side, for even Charles d'Albert's mother was an accomplished musician.

It was in 1845 that Mr. Chappel commenced to publish in London Charles d'Albert's dance music, and he continued to do so until the composer's death. Space forbids me here to give a list of the innumerable dances written by the elder d'Albert. Perhaps the most popular of them was the "Sultan Polka," which carried his fame all over Europe. When M. d'Albert first settled in Newcastle, he used to give every year a splendid ball in the Assembly Rooms, which was attended by most of the fashionable people of Newcastle and neighbourhood. Later on, these balls changed into matinées, where only his pupils used to dance.

After having lived in Newcastle for more than forty

years, Charles d'Albert settled in London in 1876, in order to be near his son during his musical studies. There he died after a long and painful illness, on May 26th, 1886, in the 78th year of his age, and was interred in Kensal Green Cemetery on May 31st. His widow, to whom I am greatly indebted for much information contained in this sketch of her husband and son, lives in London, when she is not visiting her illustrious son Eugene in Germany; her stepson, Charles d'Albert, who is married and settled in France; or her relatives on the "coaly Tyne."

HILDEGARD WERNER.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

BLOW THE WINDS, I-HO.

THIS Northumbrian ballad is of great antiquity, and bears a considerable resemblance to "The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy," inserted in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." It was first printed in Robert Bell's "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," from a broadside, where the title and chorus are given "Blow the Winds, I-O," a form common to many ballads and songs, but only to those of great antiquity. Chappell, in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," has an example as old as 1698:—

Here's a health to jolly Bacchus,
I-ho, I-ho, I-ho!

And in another well-known catch, still current in the North of England the same form appears:—

A pye sat on a pear-tree,
I-ho, I-ho, I-ho!

"I-o," or, as we give it in these lyrics, "I-ho," was an ancient form of exclamation or triumph on joyful occasions and anniversaries, and a common part of the chorus of old ballads and songs. For instance, "Tally, I-o," and "Canady, I-o." And we find it with slight variations in different languages. In the Gothic, for example, *Jola* signifies to make merry. It has been supposed by some etymologists that the word "Yule" is a corruption of "I-o."

The copy of the tune given here is from the collection of the late James Telfer, schoolmaster, poet, and antiquary, of Saughtree, Lidderdale, now in the archives of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle.

Sixty or seventy years ago the song was current in North Northumberland, Berwickshire, and Roxburghshire, and a writer on "Local Songs and Song-Writers," in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, states that he has heard it sung repeatedly by a retired Mersse farmer, the late Mr. John Waldie, of Gordon, with great gusto. Mr. Waldie,

however, had adopted a different chorus, which ran thus:—

Sing fal de dawdie, fal de day!
Fal de dawdie, fal de day!
Fal de dawdie, fal de day!
Hey, umptie dowdy!

This, the writer says, had a good effect, being sung with an increasing volume of voice, each succeeding line, till the last—that is, three lines "crescendo," and last diminuendo.

There was a shep - herd's son, He kept
sheep on yon-der hill; He laid his pipe and his
crook a - side, and there he slept his fill.
And blow the winds, I - ho! I - ho! Sing
blow the winds I - ho! Clear a - way the
morn - ing dew, and blow the winds, I - ho!
He looked east, he looked west,
He took another look;
And there he spied a lady gay,
Was dipping in a brook.
She said, "Sir, don't touch my mantle,
Come let my clothes alone;
I will give you as much money
As you can carry home."
"I will not touch your mantle,
I'll let your clothes alone,
I'll take you out the water clear,
My dear, to be my own."
He did not touch her mantle,
He let her clothes alone;
But he took her from the clear water,
All to be his own.
He set her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another;
And there they rode along the road,
Like sister and like brother.

And when they came to her father's gate,
She pulled at a ring;
And ready was the proud port'r
For to let the lady in.
And when the gates were opened,
This lady jumpèd in;
She says, "You are a fool without,
And I'm a maid within.
"Good morrow to you, modest boy,
I thank you for your care;
If you had been what you should have been,
I would not have left you there.

"There's a horse in my father's stable,
He stands behind the thorn;
He shakes his head above the trough,
But dares not prie the corn.
"There's a bird in my father's flock,
A double comb he wears;
He flaps his wing and crows full loud,
But a capon's crest he bears.
"There is a flower in my father's garden,
They call it Marygold;
The fool that will not when he may,
He shall not when he wold."
Said the shepherd's son, as he doft his shoon,
"My feet they shall run bare;
But if ever I meet another maid,
I rede that maid beware."

Cuckoo Jack.



DURING the last generation, Newcastle, and the waterside district in particular, was wonderfully prolific in "characters." Most of these were well known by popular nicknames, while, in many cases, the actual names given them by their godfathers and godmothers were not easy to trace. Some of these individuals were merely "eccentrics," with peculiar and, generally, harmless characteristics, that caused them to be well known and sometimes notorious. Others, again, displayed special powers of mind or body, along with certain distinguishing whimsicalities, by which they gradually attained a popularity more or less remarkable and worthy of admiration.

Such a "character" was John Wilson, well and widely known as "Cuckoo Jack," and still well remembered for his peculiar powers upon the Tyne. His father was a clock cleaner and mender, and occasionally repaired "cuckoo clocks," then a great novelty; and from this the son bore the nickname "Cuckoo" pretty well during the whole of his life, although it had absolutely no manner of reference to the incidents by which he attained a considerable notoriety. He was born in the year 1792, and died on the 2nd of December, 1860, at the age of 68. He lived during the whole of his life, and died, on Sandgate Shore, in Petrie's Entry, closely adjoining the well-known Jack Tar public-house. Both house and entry have been improved out of existence now for a considerable period, but they were situated about midway between the Milk Market and the Swirlie, and between Sandgate and the Folly.* (See page 112.)

Jack was a thoroughgoing Tyne waterman, native and to the manner born, and accustomed to the use of boats all his life. In the exercise of his vocation, and by dint of industry, care, and personal observation, he by degrees acquired the most intimate and unrivalled knowledge of

the river—the ebb and flow of its tides, its currents, bends, shoals, holes, sandbanks, and other peculiarities, so that he was enabled to calculate all these effects, one upon the other, with the greatest nicety and correctness. In consequence, he became a most expert hand at hooking up any and every kind of article that had found its way to the bed of the Tyne; but, in a special way, he was thus enabled to pick up the bodies of the dead or drowning under almost any circumstances with the most wonderful skill and dexterity. This, of course, was prior to the commencement of dredging operations, by which the Tyne at Newcastle, at all times of the tide, has now deep water, accommodating large craft, from quay to quay. Half a century ago, however, the river was a shallow stream, excepting at high water, with sandbanks all the way from Newcastle to Shields; and men now only past middle age can remember walking, at low water, half-way across the bed of the stream, opposite the Jack Tar, on Sandgate Shore, where Cuckoo Jack kept his boats, letting them out for hire at 6d. an hour. Jack's wonderful knowledge of the river, under these conditions, had no equal among the numerous pilots and other watermen, so that his services were in great request, at all times to find the bodies of the drowned, along the whole of its tidal course from Newcastle to the Narrows; and it is not stated that he was ever known to fail when he was told where the person had fallen in and when, so that he could ascertain the particular circumstances of place and tide.

Jack's wife was named Bella or Isabella. The pair had four children, three sons and one daughter—James, Ralph, Margaret, and William—all of whom were born in the old house. James died about the year 1848, when somewhere near thirty years of age. It was he who, when only a boy, and in the boat with his father on a bright moonlight night, looking in the water, asked, "What's that, daddy?" Being told it was the "meun," and knowing his father's skill, he at once said, "Heuk the meup, daddy!" a remark long quoted on the water side, with sundry unnecessary additions. Jimmy, as a young man, was also well known among the juvenile scamps on the quay as "Young Cuckoo Jack," and is mentioned to in one of Ned Corvan's songs:—

Bowid Sandy Bowes—young Cuckoo Jack,
They shout as suen's ye torn yr back,
"How! where are ye gawn o' Sunday?"

It is to Ralph we are indebted for being able to present the reader with the portrait of his father, from a photograph taken many years ago, which is described to be "the spittin' image" of the redoubtable Jack.

Ralph, who is still a hard-working man on the Quay, states, distinctly, that the fee regularly paid by the Corporation for recovering a dead body from the river was ten shillings above Bill Point, and fifteen shillings between the point and the bar. This payment ceased on the part of the Corporation many years ago, but he had the pleasure of receiving the last fee—for

* For the view of the Jack Tar we are much indebted to the artist of "Vestiges of Old Newcastle and Gateshead" (Mr. W. H. Knowles), who has obligingly loaned us the engraving.

picking up the body of a captain of a Yarmouth vessel at Pelaw Main. It would appear there was never any ground for the statements that a less fee was paid for finding a body above bridge, and more when picked up below that structure; and especially was there no truth in the oft-repeated story that more was paid for recovering a dead body than for saving a drowning person from a watery grave. And here it is only bare justice to the memory of Cuckoo Jack to at once give a direct contradiction to the well-garnished tales, told with great gusto and apparent correctness of detail, that Jack not only preferred to find the dead rather than save the living, but also, that he was guilty of absolutely allowing a person, struggling in the water, to drown, in order that he might be able to pick up the corpse. It is, therefore, fair to say there is no proof or confirmation of the story that on one occasion, while Jack was sitting in a tavern on the Quayside, with his grappling irons beside him, having just knocked off work, a man rushed in shouting, "Jack, there's a man overboard! Ho'way wi' yor irons." "Hoots man," Jack is reported to have coolly remarked, "let him drown; as git main for a deddie nor aa de for a livie!" Men still living, who knew Jack well, declare this is a pure invention.

One who knew Jack well, and had lived "within twenty yards of him," relates the following:—"Between thirty and forty years ago, a friend and I were grappling for the body of a man who had been drowned beside Messrs. L. C. Johnston and Co.'s cement works. Whilst we were busy Jack appeared upon the scene. After asking when and where the man had been drowned, he said: 'Thoo'll nivvor find him thor.' He then made for the Mushroom Quay, which is some distance from the cement works (and on the other side of the river), and in a short while he came back with the body of the drowned man in his boat."

Another story to the same effect, showing Jack's wonderfully exact knowledge of the river and all its influencing agencies, is told by another writer:—"A sailor had fallen overboard from his ship, and was drowned. His friends came to Jack to see if he could recover the body for them, the captain of the ship promising to reward him with £5. After asking the time of the accident, Jack pulled down the river to where some ships were lying moored to a buoy. Here he asked the sailors on board to haul in their cables as tightly as possible, as he expected to find a dead body among them. Sure enough, when that was done, the body was found entangled amongst the ropes."

Jack generally worked alone, or with the sole assistance of one of his own sons, so that there was no possible partnership in any contingent profits. This latter would be his motive, probably, in the following story:—A case of drowning had taken place at the Quayside, and four or five young men were in a boat with Jack, who was using his grappling irons. After a little while he said, "Noo

get oot, aall on ye; aa want nowt wi ye!" A minute afterwards he raised the body to the surface, and hauled it into the boat himself.

It is stated that a considerable sum of money was to be paid to Jack when he had recovered two hundred bodies from the river. Jack's son Ralph says he understood this to be a fact, but who the generous donor was to be he never knew. His father did not score that number, however, although he appeared to have always kept a careful account; but what figure he actually reached Ralph cannot say. Ned Corvan, he thinks, appears to come pretty near the mark in his song on "The Deeth o' Cuckoo Jack," when he says:—

Pull away, lads; pull away, lads, aa've hewked him;
This chep myeks a hundred and seventy-nine
Deed bodies aa've fund i' the Coally Tyne.

Apart from his well-known and unrivalled skill in picking up the living and the dead, John Wilson was a most industrious man—at all times busy among his boats or on the river. Now, and since the Tyne Improvement Commission assumed jurisdiction over the river, in 1850, it has been illegal to appropriate any floating article, or anything found in the bed of the river. According to clause 99 of the code of the Commissioners' bye-laws, "Every person finding any timber or other article in the river shall immediately report the fact, with full particulars, at the nearest river police station," under a penalty of £5. But during Jack's time no such rule was in operation, and for many years he undoubtedly made a very good living out of the thousand and one miscellaneous articles he "heuked" up, or found floating ownerless, from a bucket to a boat. He had a small yard for storage purposes, and almost daily additions were made, of the most miscellaneous character, to his stock.

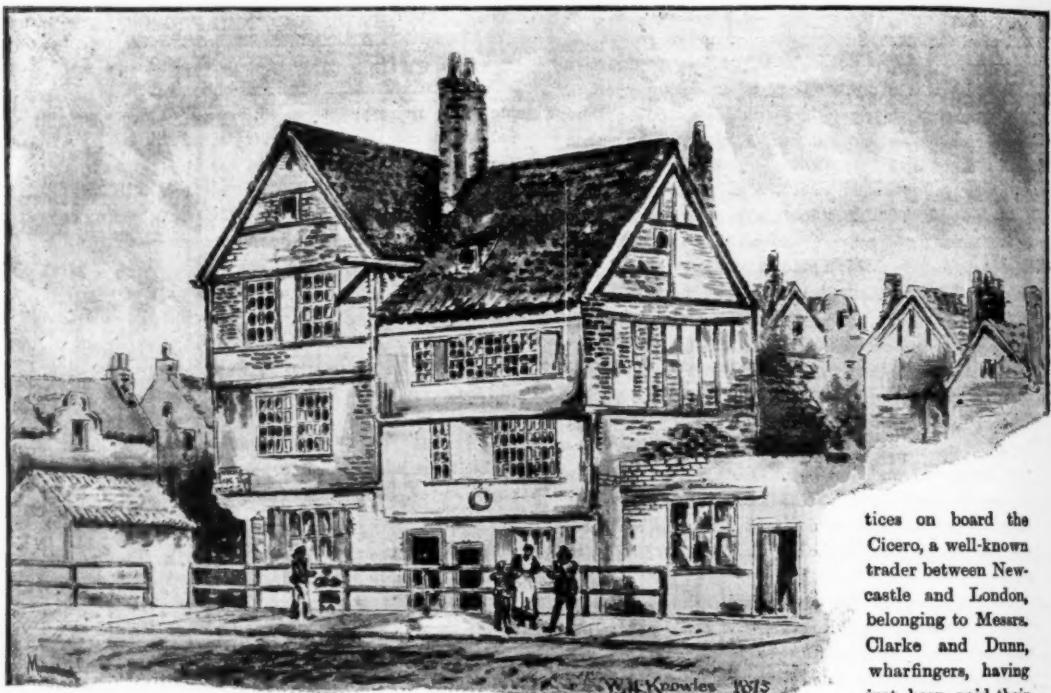
Mr. Richard Jessop and Jack's son, Ralph, have each described to me the ingenious tools designed and made for the work by Jack, in addition to the large grappling irons used for recovering bodies. He had hooks of all kinds, and two and three or more pronged forks, curved, with fine netting between, so that the smallest articles, and coins even, were picked up with the greatest certainty, and from any depth. Screws, also, were attached to the end of long poles, and once even a pig of lead was neatly drawn to the surface, and hauled into the boat. Ralph says that his father once recovered a whole cargo of iron articles that had been sunk in the Narrows, near the mouth of the river.

Next in interest to stories of Jack's skill in picking up the dead and drowning, are perhaps the many well known accounts of the neatness and precision with which articles of considerable value, that had been accidentally lost, were recovered by the use of his ingenious tools, added to his wonderful knowledge of the river already described. Ralph says they "got a lot of watches, first and last." Of the several versions of the French captain's watch, lost overboard,

that reported in the *Weekly Chronicle*, a short time ago, from the pen of Mr. Fred. Walker, appears to come as near the truth as possible. Ralph treats it contemptuously, as "like eneuf," but not "worth botherin' about!" Mr. Walker says:—"Jack was sought by a French captain to grapple for a valuable watch that had just been dropped overboard. Jack struck a bargain by which he was to receive a sovereign if successful. Having been informed of the spot where the watch was lost, he threw his irons over, and speedily drew it up. The delighted captain stretched out his hand for his property, but Cuckoo shook his head, and refused to part with it till

and then asked to look at the watch, to be sure that it had not been damaged. He then dropped it into the river again, and gave the money back to the captain, saying, "here's a half-sovereign for ye to get it out again yorsel." He is then said to have left the ship, and would not on any account go back again. But Jack was not a likely man to unnecessarily part with money, and neglect the chance of a job when it was held out to him; unless it were that the bright idea had struck him that he might go and pick up the watch for himself when its late owner had sailed.

Here is another story of Jack's deftness:—Two appren-



W.H. Knowles, R.W.S.

the 'brass' was handed over. The captain offered him a half-sovereign. Jack swore. 'But,' said the Frenchman, 'you haf had no trouble whatever. One half-sovereign is quite enough, sar.' 'What!' roared Jack, 'then overboard she gans again. Noo,' he added, as he flung the watch back into the stream, 'find hor yorsel.' Monsieur expostulated and fumed, but to no purpose, and at last promised Jack the sovereign to recover the watch. But he put on the coup by demanding two pounds this time, to which the greedy captain had to agree. Jack cleverly hauled up the watch again, received the reward, and went away chuckling at the exasperated Frenchman." Another version of the same incident is to the effect that Jack took the half-sovereign,

tices on board the *Cicero*, a well-known trader between Newcastle and London, belonging to Messrs. Clarke and Dunn, wharfingers, having just been paid their wages, quarrelled

over the division, and the whole amount, £1 4s., dropped into the river. The coins were a sovereign and four separate shillings. Jack was sent for, and picked up every coin directly. On being asked to confirm this incident, Ralph replied, "Aye, sartinees, we had tools of all kinds."

Ralph himself modestly tells the following:—A foreign captain, whose ship was lying in the tiers, alongside the quay, was going ashore with a biggish bag in his hand, tied with a piece of string, and containing £40 in silver, which he was taking to the bank. He stumbled and lost the bag overboard, and was naturally much agitated. A custom-house officer, who was standing by, went for Jack, and £2 was offered if he recovered the treasure. "We

heuked it up clivvorly, at the fowerth try, by the string," said Ralph. "And what about the two pounds this time?" "Oh! he paid it wivoot a grudge. But we didn't knaa till eftor that there was se much money in the bag."

Although generally good at driving a bargain under most circumstances, Jack was not specially bright when figures or amounts got a little advanced, or mixed, and fun was made occasionally at his expense. Mr. Michael Hayhurst, of Sunderland, writing to the *Weekly Chronicle*, describes a personal incident of this kind. He says:—"When I was a young man, Cuckoo Jack lent boats out at sixpence per hour. He had one boat that I and four other young fellows used to engage on Saturday afternoons, and sometimes on Sundays. The five of us saved up as much money as Jack asked for it, which was fifty shillings. One Saturday afternoon one of our party had to go to Jack and ask him if he would take any less. He refused. Afterwards, we went to him and said: 'We've made up our minds to give you the £2 10s.' Thereupon Jack replied, 'Aa winnet tyek a farden less than fifty shillings.' And it would probably have taken more time to explain the mystery than Jack would spend at another time in picking up a drowning man from the depths of coally Tyne."

Droll stories are also told with reference to Jack's appetite, which appeared to have been a very convenient one. Mr. F. Walker lately told the following in the *Weekly Chronicle*:—One day Jack secured a job which he had to be at by four o'clock the next morning, on account of the tide. While getting his supper the night before he asked his spouse—"Noo, Bella, will aa hev time to get ma brekfust i' th' mornin'?" "No Jack; aa's sura ye winnet," she replied. "Then let's hev it noo!" he exclaimed, and though he had just finished his supper, he sat down again and commenced his breakfast. On the same matter, another correspondent puts on record:—"One night Jack's wife was busy putting up his 'bait' for the next day, when Jack suddenly took the provisions from her, ejaculating as he ate them, 'Aa'd better eat it the neet; it'll save us the trouble o' carryin' it the morn.'"

There are also three very racy "goose" stories, all of which may, perhaps, pass muster in this section of Jack's records. On one occasion there was a goose for dinner. "What's this, Bella?" said Jack. "Wey, a gyuse, te be sure." "It's hollow," said the head of the family; "aa like nyen o' yor hollow meat; aa like to be yebble te cut and come agyen!" The other two are "stuffing" incidents, and each appears to be very definitely authenticated. Some three years ago, Mr. J. M. Oubridge contributed to the *Weekly Chronicle* the following:—"About 60 years ago when a boy, I was on one occasion attending to my father's market gardener's cart, which stood every Saturday in front of the old watchhouse door in the old Green Market (to the west of the foot of Grey Street), in which

house, as many will recollect, 'Slush Tom Carr,' the captain of the watch, also lived. Upon the occasion to which I refer, Cuckoo Jack came along, with his wife and son. The wife had her great round market basket hanging upon her arm, and it was heavily laden with the evening's purchases, amongst other things being a goose, whose head and neck dangled over the edge. Jack's wife stopped at our cart and addressed her husband:—'Give us tuppence te buy a half beatment iv onions te stuff the gyuse wi.' Jack turned round in a surly manner, using a word more forcible than polite, and said, 'Here's a penny for a Scotch cabbish; stufft wi' that!'" And the "cabbish" was accordingly purchased. Jack must have been in a very much more amiable mood on the next occasion when "stuffing" was also the question. There was again to be a goose for dinner. "What'll aa stufft wi?" quietly asked Bella. "Aa wey," Jack replied, "stufft wi' fegs an' raisins—the mair gud things the better!"



Cuckoo Jack.

As a distinct proof of Jack's respectability as a waterman, it may be stated that during the latter portion of his life he was appointed to the responsible post of assistant to the well-known harbour master and quay master, Simon Danson—his co-assistant being also well known as "Jack Dean." This position was held first under the Corporation, and then, after 1850, under the Tyne Improvement Commission, whose jurisdiction, in river matters, commenced at that date. In this situation—not a very highly paid one—his duties were certainly important, though probably not onerous, both on the quay, in connexion with loading and discharging cargo, and on the water, in the arrangement of the hosts of wooden craft which at that period lined the quay, in tiers, sometimes extending half-way across the river. Of course he could not, after he had undertaken his new duties, carry on his

old work, with which his name is so intimately connected, though his skill and knowledge of the river were always available in cases of necessity or emergency.

But time tries all men, and though not much over sixty years of age, John Wilson's powers, great though they had been, began to fail him, and he finally retired upon a small (very small) pension awarded to him by the Corporation. He did not need it long, however. Probably his long life of exposure, by night and day, upon the river that he had studied so thoroughly and knew so well, finally told its tale upon even an iron constitution like that of Cuckoo Jack ; and at the well-known old house, near the Jack Tar Inn, the time came, as Ned Corvan puts it, when he was compelled to say :—

Fareweel tiv a' me cronies, Keeside and Sandgate Jonies,
For aikin ivery bone is, i' this and skin o' mine.
Deed bodies fra the river aa've often teun oot clivvor,
Ma equal thair wes nivvor for grapplin Coally Tyne.

Aa mun rest wi' the rest that aa fand for my fee,
And' aa hope that aad Nick winnet grapple for me ;
Let ma appytaff be—"Here lies, on his back,
The chep that fand the deed men, canny Cuckoo Jack." As already stated, Cuckoo Jack died on the 2nd of December, 1860, at the age of 68. He will be long remembered on his native river, chiefly for the wonderful skill and ability with which, as Ned Corvan again describes it, "he saved mony a muthor's bairn frae bevin' a wettery grave," and for finding the remains when the saving of life was out of the question. This was the duty that fell to John Wilson, and, like a brave, able, simple-hearted, and industrious man, "he did it with all his might." And though he is classed among the "characters" of his native river, Tynesiders, the world over, will not object to remember him also as one of its worthies.

JOS. I. NICHOLSON.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Sir William Creagh,

MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE BY MANDAMUS.



OWARDS the close of Charles the Second's reign, a goodly number of the people of Newcastle, seeing the course which the king was pursuing, entertained doubts respecting the advantages of the Restoration. Even the authorities, or, at least, some of them, were not so courtly and complaisant in 1664 as they had been in 1661. Indeed, fed by the continual infusion of Puritan blood from beyond the Border, the town was becoming refractory. Charles and his advisers found it necessary to strengthen the power of the Crown in some direction or other, and

they hit upon the expedient of remodelling the Royal Charters. Thereupon the surrender of the charter of Newcastle was demanded and given, and just before the king died a new charter was prepared, in which acceptable aldermen were appointed, and power was reserved to the Crown to displace the Mayor, Sheriff, Recorder, Town Clerk, and even the Common Council at its pleasure. Upon the accession of James II. (Feb. 6th, 1684-5) the amended charter was formally sent down to the town. The new monarch was not slow to avail himself of its provisions. Within a year of his coronation he had removed the whole of the Common Council, and made a beginning with other alarming interferences with the liberties of the townspeople. The medium through which he sent his mandates was Sir William Creagh, an ardent loyalist, and a devoted member of the Church of Rome.

Local historians have not favoured us with much personal detail about this royal emissary. It is assumed that he was sent down to Newcastle for the special purpose of carrying out the king's behests, and that he was a stranger. John Bell, in a paper contributed to the "Archæologia Eliana" in 1826, labours to prove that he came hither for the express purpose of securing the erection of a statue of James II. upon the Sandhill, "and was followed by sign manual letters to introduce him still further into the company of the leading families, the more closely to watch over the political interests of his Majesty." But Sir William Creagh was not such a stranger to Tyneside as Mr. Bell imagined. He was in the neighbourhood for three or four years before Charles II. died, and must have been already acquainted with some at least of the "leading families," for in a MS. relating to the estate of the Riddells of Gateshead, under date March 24th, 1681-2, is a copy of an indenture by which the mansion house of the family and the colliery belonging to them were let to Sir William Creagh, who covenanted that for seven years he would work the colliery, sell the coals, and after deducting the expense of management, interest for his money, and 2s. 6d. per ton for his trouble, hand over the balance to the trustees of the Riddell property.

The first Royal message to Newcastle with which Sir William Creagh's name is associated bears date March, 1685-6. It was addressed to the Merchants' and the Hostmen's Companies, and commanded both these worshipful fraternities to admit Sir William into their ranks as a free brother. A similar mandate to the Corporation, dated May 31, 1687, ordered his admission to the freedom of the town. All three of these imperious orders were dutifully obeyed, in the letter if not in the spirit. With the mere letter of his freedom, however, Sir William Creagh was not satisfied. From the books of the Merchants' Company we find that on the 19th July, 1687 :—

Sir Wm. Creagh, Kn., presented a letter from the king, directed and signed and undersigned nearly as the former dated 31 May, 1687, reciting the letter of the

17th March, 1685-86, and, also, that he had been admitted; but not in so ample manner as his Majesty intended; therefore, requiring his freedoms to be recorded by order of the Common Council, and the Company of Hostmen and Merchants, so as he and his posterity may be enabled to take apprentices, and enjoy all other franchises which any Freeman of the Corporation enjoys, either by descent or servitude.

While these mandates were flying about, the king suddenly proclaimed liberty of conscience to all his subjects, suspended and dispensed with the penal laws and tests, and even with the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. The biographer of Ambrose Barnes makes it appear that this change in the king's tactics was largely due to the influence of Mr. Barnes. Howsoever that may have been, the Corporation of Newcastle were sadly perplexed by the king's rapid change of front. They were an intensely loyal body, devotedly attached to the Established Church, and sympathised as little with the views of Ambrose Barnes as they did with those of Sir William Creagh. At Michaelmas, 1687, they elected men of their own party to be Mayor and Sheriff, Deputy-Recorder, and Aldermen. With this arrangement the king and Ambrose Barnes were not satisfied. At Christmas there came down from London another Royal mandate, displacing the Mayor, Sheriff, Deputy-Recorder, six Aldermen, and fifteen of the Common Council, and commanding the electors to appoint in their places Sir William Creagh (Catholic), Mayor; Samuel Gill (Dissenter), Sheriff Edward Widdrington and John Errington (Catholics), Ambrose Barnes, William Johnson, William Hutchinson, and Thomas Partis (Dissenters) Aldermen, and Joseph Barnes (son of Ambrose), Recorder, leaving four Aldermen and nine of the Common Council to represent the Church party. The electors refused to obey this imperious demand; they declined, loyal as they were, to surrender their rights and privileges; they stood aside, and allowed the Royal nominees to take possession of place and power upon the strength of the Royal order.

A deed of the period shows us the autographs of four of the principal men in this mixed assembly—Sir William Creagh (the Mayor), Ambrose Barnes, William Hutchinson (Barnes's brother-in-law), and Samuel Gill (the Sheriff):—

The image contains four handwritten signatures in cursive script. The first signature, at the top, reads "Sir William Creagh = mayor". Below it is "Amb Barnes". Underneath that is "William Hutchinson". At the bottom is "Samuel Gill Vic".

But widely separated as were the members of this heterogeneous Corporation in thought and feeling, they appear to have hung together fairly well. Sir William Creagh and Ambrose Barnes, the two leaders, managed to sink their religious differences while engaged in municipal work. Ambrose Barnes attended his own place of worship in freedom, while Sir William Creagh went to mass without hindrance, and on the day of thanksgiving for the Queen's conception, January 29, he listened to a sermon "at the Catholick Chappel, by Phil. Metcalfe, P. of the Society of Jesus," which was afterwards published. Thus these two men, each working for his own hand, managed to carry on the government of the town. On the 10th of February a *quo warranto* against their charter was served upon the Corporation; in return a similar process was taken out against the electors for refusing to appoint Creagh and his colleagues. And while both matters were being considered (the charter was sent up to London on the 8th March) the equestrian statue of the king, to which reference is made in a preceding paragraph—a noble effigy of brass bestriding a rearing charger of the same metal, as may be seen in vol. ii. of the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 162—was set upon its marble pedestal in front of the Town's Chamber on the Sandhill.

The charter, altered for the second time in less than five years, was ready for delivery a few days after the statue had been erected. Sir William Creagh went to London to receive it, and his return was celebrated, according to the *London Gazette* of the 13th August, with much ceremony.

Sir William Creagh and his friends began now to prepare for the ensuing Michaelmas mayor choosing. It was their intention to elect two men of their own party for Mayor and Sheriff, but Ambrose Barnes and his friends were on the alert, and when the day arrived (Monday, the 1st of October), they rose early in the morning, and elected two dissenters—William Hutchinson, Mayor, and Matthias Partis, Sheriff. Within a fortnight it was discovered that Royal interference with borough charters was a mistake. On the day (October 17) when it became known that William Prince of Orange was preparing to invade England, a Royal Proclamation was issued ordering corporations whose deeds of surrender had not been recorded or enrolled, to be restored "into the same state and condition they were in our late dear brother's reign." Newcastle was one of the towns in which the surrender had not been enrolled; all, therefore, that Sir William Creagh had done was illegal; the election of the 1st October was void. On the 5th of November the Prince of Orange landed in England; on that day William Hutchinson and Matthias Partis were put out of office; Nicholas Ridley was elected Mayor and Matthew White Sheriff; and all the displaced aldermen resumed their gowns. A month after the coronation of William and Mary, on Saturday, May 11, 1689, the statue of James II. was torn down and thrown into the river Tyne.

With the Revolution Sir William Creagh's municipal career came to an end. His freedom of the Corporation was declared void, and, excepting entries of the baptism of two daughters at St. John's in 1689 and 1690, no further mention of him occurs for some time in Newcastle history. We know, from a letter contributed by Mr. Horatio A. Adamson to the "Proceedings of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries," that he received, from the first Earl of Derwentwater, a share in "Old Brigeburne" mine, and we learn from the MS. previously quoted that he continued to be a lessee of Gateshead Colliery down to the year 1700. The Register of Burials at St. Nicholas' Church supplies the rest:—

1696-7, January 30. Lady Margaret Creagh.
1702, December 27. Sir William Creagh, Knight,
bur. at All Saints.

Matthew and George Culley,

AGRICULTURAL REFORMERS.

Tarry woo', tarry woo'!
Tarry woo' is ill to spin;
Card it weel, card it weel,
Card it weel ere ye begin.

Sing the bonnie, harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep;
Bleating sweetly as they go
Through the winter's frost and snow.
Hart, and hind, and fallow-deer,
Not by half so useful are.
Fra kings to him that hauds the plow
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo'.

—*Old Border Song.*

Agriculture, the oldest, the largest, and still, in many respects, the most important industry of the world, owes some of its most successful developments to the labours of three North-Countrymen—John Bailey and the brothers Culley. It is a noteworthy circumstance that all three of these eminent men had their origin in the neighbourhood of the river Tees, and that all three of them worked out the experiments with which their names are associated in the same valley of North Northumberland.

In the parish of Haughton-le-Skerne, beside Darlington, is a township called Whessoe and Beaumont Hill. Beaumont Hill was the residence of a family of Culleys from the reign of James I. till the early part of the eighteenth century, when Matthew, son of John Culley of that place, acquired a messuage and two hundred acres of land in the chapelry of Denton—a straggling village, abutting on the Staindrop road, about six miles from Darlington. Matthew Culley, of Denton, married a daughter of Edward Surtees, of Mainsforth, and had, among other children, two sons, Matthew and George. These lads were sent to Dishley, in Leicestershire, to be trained by Robert Bakewell, a country gentleman known far and wide as an improver of the various breeds of sheep and cattle. Profiting by Mr. Bakewell's teaching, they imbibed the principles of their master, and returned to the North with enlarged

ideas of farming and stock-raising, which they soon began to put into practice. In Glendale, under the shadow of the Cheviots, they found land suitable for their experiments, and upon the farms of Fenton in that fertile valley, and of Wark, a little further north, they settled. They introduced the long-wooled Dishley sheep into Northumberland, and thus produced the Border-Leicester; they imported the Tees-water shorthorns, and by judicious crossing raised cattle that possessed the merit of becoming fat at an early age, and yielding the thickest and heaviest beef at the lowest possible expenditure. At the same time they practised the most approved systems of high farming, believing that, next to a careful selection of stock, a spirited cultivation of the soil was the chief element of success in agriculture. The result justified their anticipations. "From every county of the kingdom, and from every civilised part of Europe and the New World, pupils and strangers crowded to view the scenes of their active and successful labours." Their sheep were especially famous—"known, even to the farthest Thule, by the popular name of the Culley Breed."

A few years after the Messrs. Culley settled in Glendale, John Bailey went to Chillingham and entered upon that remarkable career of enterprise in cultivation which we have already described. Culley's stock, and Bailey's improvements, became the subject of discussion at every market in the North Country, and before the century ran out the valley of the Glen had been transformed into a school for farmers, and, as the late Samuel Donkin would have said, "the Mecca of agricultural pilgrimage" from all parts of the kingdom. When the "Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement" projected, in 1793, its survey of the English counties, it was to John Bailey and George Culley that they looked for the reports of Northumberland and Cumberland. Admirable reports they were, too; well written, well arranged, and illustrated by Mr. Bailey's own engravings, with tail pieces by Thomas Bewick. The title pages read thus:—

A General View of the Agriculture of the County of Northumberland, with Observations on the Means of its Improvement, Drawn up for the Consideration of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement. By J. Bailey and G. Culley. Newcastle: S. Hodgson. 1800.

A General View of the Agriculture of the County of Cumberland; with Observations, &c. [as above, and one illustration.]

Previous to undertaking the joint-authorship of these reports, George Culley had published a book on his own account, the later editions of which were illustrated by two pictures from Mr. Bailey's graver—"A Bull of the Shorthorn Breed," and "A Ram of the Dishley Breed, new shorn." It was entitled—

Observations on Live Stock, containing Hints for Choosing and Improving the Best Breeds of the most useful kinds of Domestic Animals. By George Culley, Farmer, Northumberland. 1786.

In this volume the author describes the different breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, explains the names

of animals at different ages in a manner that would gratify the painstaking elucidator of "Northumberland Words," in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, draws distinctions between essentials and non-essentials in stock-raising, and discusses obstacles to improvements.

Acting upon the principles laid down in this book, the brothers Culley accumulated considerable wealth. Matthew, the elder, married a member of an ancient Northumberland family—Elizabeth, daughter of Ralph Bates, of Milburn House, near Ponteland, and, in 1806, purchased from the Ogles, Coupland Castle, on the north bank of the Glen, where, a few years later, he died. George, the younger brother, was united to Jane, daughter of Walter Atkinson, and bought from Sir Francis Blake the mansion and estate of Fowberry Tower, near Belford, at which place he died in 1813, aged 79, retaining to the last "that even gaiety of temper and simplicity of manners which characterised him through life." Each of the brothers was succeeded by a son named Matthew. Matthew, son of George, died unmarried in 1849, "the last of the celebrated Northumberland agriculturists," and the Fowberry estate passed to his nephew, George Darling. Matthew, son of Matthew, was a politician, and canvassed the Northern division of Northumberland in 1832 as a Reformer, but did not go to the poll. From him descended the late representative, in the direct line, of the two famous brothers—Matthew Tewart Culley, J.P., of Coupland Castle, High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1868-69, who died in March last.

attempts of the crowd which now came up produce any result in moving it; for the shrine containing the uncorrupted body continued where it was as if it were a mountain." Such an unmistakable indication of the saint's unwillingness to be carried further in the intended direction could not be ignored, and a fast of three days' duration, spent in watching and prayer, was adopted as a means of discovering the great Cuthbert's wishes. At the end of this period came a revelation to one of the monks, named Eadmer, that Dunhelm should be their destination and final resting place. The shrine was now found to be easily moveable, and towards Durham the pilgrims beat their steps. How they found their way thither we are told in a legend preserved in the "Ancient Rites of Durham." "Being distressed because they were ignorant where Dunholme was, see their goode fortune! As they were goinge, a woman that lacked her cowe did call aloude to hir companion to know if shee did not see hir, who answered with a loud voice that hir cowe was in Dunholme—a happye and heavenly echo to the distressed monkes, who by that meanes were at the end of theire journey, where they should finde a restinge place for the body of theire honoured saint." To this tradition must be ascribed, I think, the sculptured representation of the milkmaid and the cow on the turret at the north end of the Chapel of the Nine Altars. The present sculptures date only from last century, but they occupy the place of others which were certainly as old as this part of the church.

Such, then, according to the old chronicles, was the origin of Durham. No sooner had the monks reached their new home than they "with all speed made a little church of boughs of trees," and placed therein the shrine of their saint. Symeon tell us that their new abode, "though naturally strong, was not easily habitable," for, except a small space in the centre, the whole of the plateau on which the castle and the cathedral are built was covered with a very dense wood. The bishop, assisted by the people of the district, cut down the whole of the timber, and a residence was assigned by lot to each monk. In the meantime, another edifice, called the White Church, had taken the place of the one made of boughs. Now, however, the bishop "commenced to build a fine church upon a large scale," which we are elsewhere told was "moderately large" and was built of stone. Three years were devoted to its completion. It was dedicated on the 4th September, 998. The bishop under whose directions all these things had been done was Aldhune, the first of St. Cuthbert's successors who held the see of Durham. He died in 1019, and was succeeded by Eadmund, Egelric, and Egelwin, who bring us down to the time of the Norman Conquest. The last of these, the Saxon bishops of Durham, died in prison in 1071, and in the following year the king appointed Walcher, a Norman, to the episcopate. At this time the colony of the monks who had settled here led a

Durham Cathedral.

DURHAM—cathedral, castle, and city—owes its foundation, if the story told by our early historians may be trusted, to the miraculous interposition of St. Cuthbert. When the monks who guarded his shrine were driven by the invading Danes from their island home at Lindisfarne, they wandered hither and thither with his body, till, in the year 883, they settled at Chester-le-Street. Here they remained till 995, when another invasion again drove them from their home. Taking with them once more the saint's body, they fled to Ripon. Peace was restored after a few months, and the monks set out on their return. On their way, says Symeon of Durham, "they reached a spot near Durham called Wrdelaw, on the eastern side of the city," a place which we can have no hesitation in identifying with Warden Law, near Houghton-le-Spring. Here "the vehicle on which the shrine containing the holy body was deposited could not be induced to advance any further. They who attempted to move it were assisted by others, but their efforts, though vigorous, were equally ineffective; nor did the additional

very unmonastic life. They were, in fact, married men, and had families. This must have been the condition of things amongst them for a considerable time, for Aldhune himself was a married man, and had a queer daughter, who appears to have given him and her successive husbands a great deal of trouble. It was no wonder that the lives of these monks did not meet with the approval of the new bishop. He proposed to build a much nobler and grander church than that raised by Aldhune, and, when it should be completed, to introduce into it monks of the order of St. Benedict. Walcher's tragic death in Gateshead Church, in 1080, put an end to his efforts; but his plans were adopted by his successor, William de St. Carileph, who, like Walcher, owed his appointment to the Conqueror.

About the year 1072, three southern monks, one of whom was Aldwin, the prior of Winchelcomb, had journeyed into the North, attracted by the fame of its ancient monastic institutions. They first came to Newcastle, then known as Monkchester. Bishop Walcher heard of them, and, having summoned them into his presence, and convinced himself of the sincerity and purity of their intentions, gave them the deserted and ruined monastery of Jarrow for an abode, and its ancient possessions for their maintenance. A similar grant of Monkwearmouth and its dependencies followed after a time. Their numbers rapidly increased, and, under the fostering care of Walcher and his successor, their houses prospered abundantly. Carileph seems to have been even more distressed than Walcher by what he regarded as the disorderly life of the monks of Durham. He inquired into the rule of those who lived about St. Cuthbert in the island of Lindisfarne, and, finding how different it was from that which prevailed amongst their successors in his day, he determined, if possible, to restore the ancient usages. He sought the council of the king and queen, and of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and finally he journeyed to Rome to lay his plans before the Pope. All approved of his project, and on his return he brought the monks of Jarrow and Wearmouth to Durham. Their translation occurred on the 26th May, 1083. "Two days afterwards — on Whit-Sunday—they were introduced into the Church of St. Cuthbert, and there the command of the apostolic Pope was exhibited

to the assembled multitudes, who were also informed that it had the approbation of the most excellent King William." "As for those individuals," says Symeon, "who had hitherto resided therein (canons by name, but men who in no one respect followed the canonical rule), them he commanded henceforth to lead a monastic life along with the monks, if they had any wish to continue their residence within the church. All of them preferred abandoning the church to retaining it upon such a condition, except one of their number, the dean, whose son, a monk, had difficulty in persuading him to follow his own example."

At this time Aldhune's church was still standing. It seems probable that, from the first, Carileph had set his heart upon a new and grander structure; but it was not until after his return, in 1091, from an exile of three years, into which he had been driven for taking part in a rebellion against William Rufus, that he actually commenced the work. The foundations were laid on the 11th August, 1093. The work went forward with great rapidity, so rapidly, indeed, that, when Carileph died, on the 2nd January, 1096, the church had been completed from the east end, where the work commenced, as far as the first bay of the nave, and including the arches on which the central tower rests. Besides this, Carileph, no doubt, built the outer wall of the church from end to end, at least as high as the blank arcade which runs round the whole edifice, and of which the architectural features are the same in every part, except, of course, the later Chapel of the Nine Altars.

After Carileph's death, the see was vacant for three



DURHAM CATHEDRAL, FROM THE CASTLE.

years, at the end of which Ralph Flambard was elected bishop. Flambard was a man of whose character varying accounts are given, but who, on the whole, seems to have been not very scrupulous in many of his proceedings. He carried forward the erection of the church, and, says Symeon's continuator, "he carried up the walls of the nave of the church as far as the roof." There can be no doubt that the western towers, to the height of the nave walls, are also to be ascribed to him. He died on the 5th September, 1128.

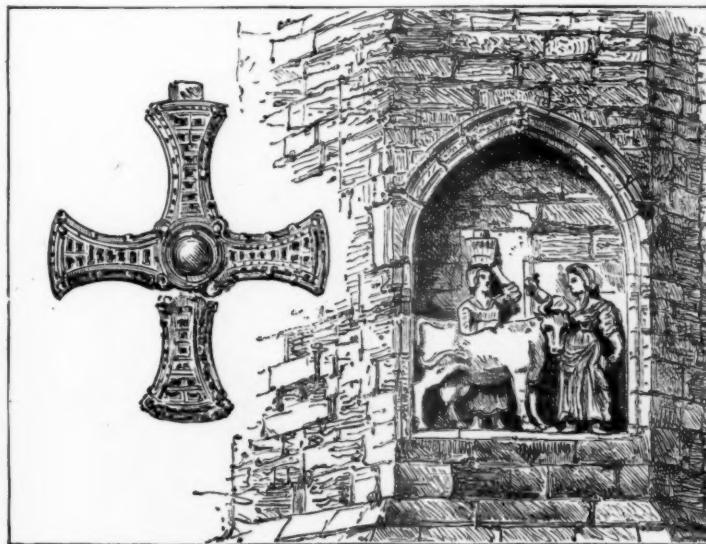
We must now return, for a moment, to the death of Carileph. The bishop had made an agreement with the monks that he himself would build the church, and they should erect the domestic buildings. This covenant was brought to an end by his death, "and the monks," says the continuator of Symeon, "neglecting the building of the offices, devoted themselves to the works of the church," so that, when Carileph's successor arrived, he found its erection advanced "as far as the nave." To the monks we may ascribe the west walls of both the north and the south transepts, and also the vaulting of the former; and the extremely plain character of this work is accounted for by the limited monetary resources of the monastics as compared with those of the bishop.

After Flambard's death, an interval of five years elapsed before a successor was appointed. During this period, to quote once more from Symeon's continuator, "the monks devoted themselves to the building of the nave of the church of Durham, and it was completed."

All that they can have done was to complete the vaulting, for Flambard had previously carried up the nave walls to their full height. Flambard's successor was Galfrid Rufus, who held the see till 1140. "In his time the chapter house of the monks was completed," but it must have been commenced before, for part of the detail is of earlier date. To Rufus also must be ascribed the north and south doorways of the nave; but the great west doorway, now covered by the Galilee, is doubtless the work of Flambard.

Rufus was succeeded, after a period of three years, by William de St. Barbara, the one bishop of Durham whose entrance into his see was emphatically stormy. During his time no work of an important character seems to have been carried out. He was followed by one of the most powerful and splendid of all the prince-bishops of Durham, Hugh Pudsey, to whom we are indebted for some of the grandest and noblest architectural achievements which remain at this day in the North of England. He held the see for the long period of forty-four years. He was the builder of the Galilee. He intended at first to build this lady chapel at the east end of the church; but St. Cuthbert's dislike to the proximity of women defeated his intention. At least, such is the story. The writer of the "Ancient Rites of Durham" tells us that "Hugo, bushop of Durham, . . . considering the deligence of his predecessors in buylding the Cathedrall Church, which was finished but a fewe yeres before his tyme, no Chapell being then erected to the blessed Virgin Marie, wherunto it should be lawfull for women to have

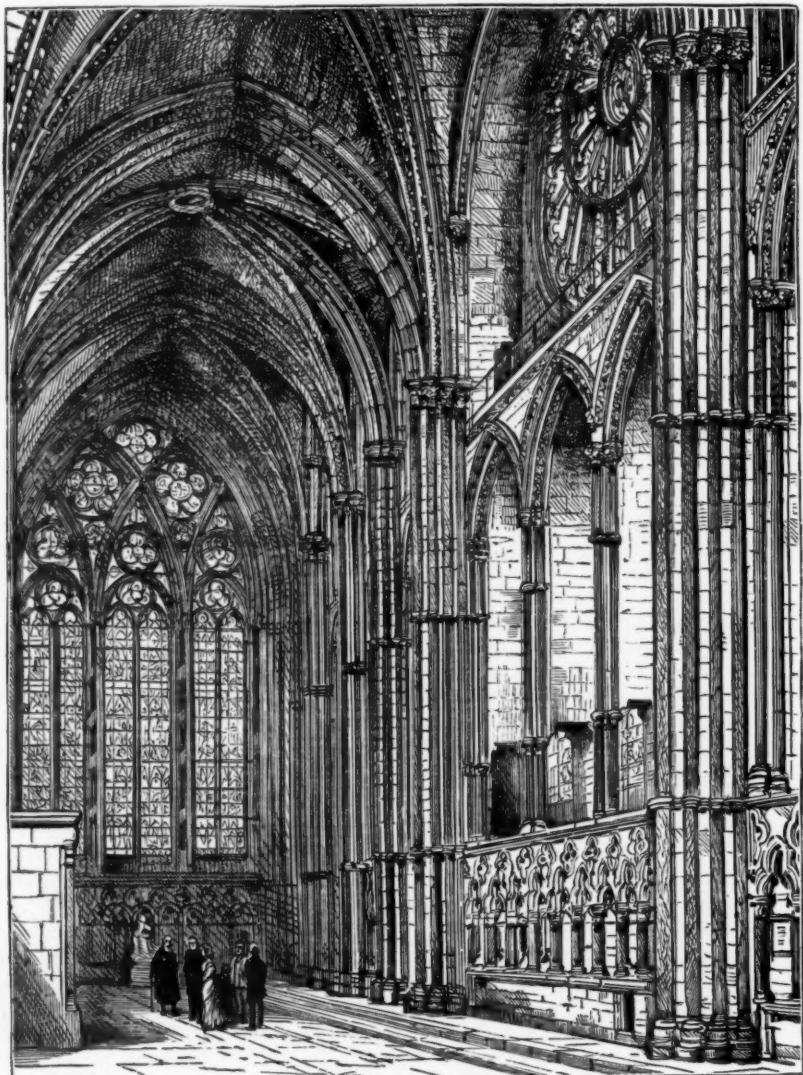
accesse, began to erect a newe peice of woorke at the east end of the said Cathedrall Church, for which worke there weare sundry pillers of marble stone brought from beyonde the seas. But this worke, being browght to a small height, began, throwghe great rifts apperinge in the same, to fall downe, whereupon it manyfestlye appeared that that worke was not acceptable to God and holy Saint Cuthbert, especially by reason of the accesso which women weare to have so neare his Ferreter. In consideration wherof the worke was left of, and anewe begun and finished at the west angle of the said Church, wherunto yt was lawfull for women to enter, having no holie place before where they mighte have lawfull accesse unto for



ST. CUTHBERT'S CROSS AND THE DUN COW, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

there cumforthe and consolation." The cause of the shrinking of Pudsey's first erections may be easily explained without having recourse to miraculous agency. To borrow the words of Canon Greenwell, "The foundation of the Cathedral at the west end is close to the rock, whilst at the east end the soil is deep, and in places of a peaty nature. The old builders often cared little about the foundations, and appear sometime to have been wanting in engineering skill. Indeed, they

frequently planted the walls merely upon the surface, and thus, when the soil was of a compressible nature, shrinking of the walls was apt to take place." The "sundry pillars of marble stone" which Pudsey is recorded to have brought from beyond the sea still exist in the Galilee. They are of Purbeck marble, and the words "beyond the sea" merely mean that they were brought by sea from Dorsetshire to some northern port, probably Newcastle or Hartlepool.



CHAPEL OF THE NINE ALTARS, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

The Galilee was built about the year 1175. Its position at the west end of the church, in connection with St. Cuthbert's supposed dislike to the presence of women, reminds us of the line of Frosterly marble slabs in the pavement of the floor of the nave, which stretches from side to side just west of the north and south doors. This cross, or line of demarcation, was laid down "in token that all women that came to here devine service should not be suffered to come above the said cross; and if it

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chaunced that any woman to come above it, within the body of the church, thene, straigthe wayes, she was taiken awaie and punishede for certaine daies, because ther was never women came where the holie man Sainte Cuthbert was, for the reverence thei had to his sacred bodie." But the whole subject of St. Cuthbert's shrine—a subject too large to be even lightly touched upon here—I hope before long to write about in the pages of this magazine.



THE NAVE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Besides the Galilee, Pudsey built the exterior of the doorway which opens into the cloisters at the east end of the nave, of which the work is enriched and beautiful.

The two bishops who succeeded Pudsey were Philip de Pictavia and Richard de Marisco, the former of whom held the see from 1197 to 1208, and the latter from 1217 to 1226. In 1228, Richard Poore was elected bishop, and to him it has been customary to ascribe what might almost be called the crowning glory of the church of Durham—the Chapel of the Nine Altars. It is certain that he purposed some such erection as this, and it is possible even that the plans for it were drawn out in his time; but it is equally certain that no part of the work was carried out by him. He had been Bishop of Salisbury before he came to Durham, and in the former place he had been a great and distinguished builder, and probably to his taste and conception of the possibilities of architectural art we are indebted for the present magnificent east end of the Cathedral of Durham. He died in 1237, and the Chapel of the Nine Altars was commenced five years afterwards by Prior Thomas de Melsanby. The character of the original eastern termination of the church is a much discussed and still undecided question. That it was in some way apsidal there can be little doubt. I am inclined to think that the choir terminated in a great central apse, and that the aisles terminated in smaller apses. After "the new work," as it is frequently called in contemporary documents, was completed, the Norman vaulting of the chancel was taken down and the present vault erected. The reason for this was two-fold. The original vault, in common with the east end of the choir, had become shattered on account of the insufficiency of the foundations. But an additional reason arose from the necessity of the vault of the choir being made to harmonize with that of the Chapel of the Nine Altars.

Other and later parts of the church must be mentioned briefly. The higher stages of the western towers are believed to have been built about the year 1220, during the episcopacy of Richard de Marisco. In the time of Bishop Hatfield, who held the see from 1345 to 1381, some of the finest windows in the church were inserted. In his day, too, the magnificent altar screen was erected, and he himself built his own splendid tomb and the episcopal throne above it. Cardinal Langley, who was bishop from 1406 to 1437, made considerable alterations, especially in the Galilee, and to him the lower gallery of the lantern tower must be attributed. The arcade above the gallery was built during the episcopate of Lawrence Booth (1457-1476), whilst the belfry, or highest stage of the tower, was erected in the time of John Sherwood (1483-1494).

One episode in the later history of Durham Cathedral must not be passed over. Less than a hundred years ago the Chapter House was almost entirely destroyed. A meeting of the Chapter, held on the 20th November,

1795, determined on its demolition. Till that time a more magnificent Chapter House no cathedral in England possessed. What happened shall be told in the words of Dr. Raine. "It had been resolved that the room was cold and comfortless, and out of repair, and inconvenient for the transaction of Chapter business; and to a member of the body possessing, unfortunately, no taste in matters of this nature, was deputed the task of making the Chapter House a comfortable place for the purposes to which it was appropriated, and then began the work of destruction. A man was suspended from machinery by a cord tied around his waist, to knock out the key-stones of the groinings, and the whole roof was permitted to fall upon the gravestones in its pavement [the gravestones of the bishops of Durham from Aldhune to Kellaw], and break them into pieces, we know not how small." Then followed the removal of the eastern half of the building, and the reduction to the aspect of a snug and trim schoolroom of what was left. The Galilee had also been doomed to destruction, and was only saved by urgent representations made to the Society of Antiquaries of London by John Carter, an antiquarian draughtsman.

Such, as briefly as I can tell it, is the history of Durham Cathedral—the most complete, the noblest, and the most impressive of the Norman churches of England. It is an edifice the study whereof is itself an education. It cannot be seen in an hour, or in a day, or in a week. In one visit, no matter how prolonged, the mind cannot grasp either its proportions or its details. Familiarity with its long vistas and its grand perspectives only increases and intensifies the sense of its splendour, and of its subduing and humbling effect. The attributes of which it seems to me to be pre-eminently the embodiment and expression are repose and permanence. The gigantic piers of its arcades seem to have been built, not for a thousand years, but for all time.

The curiosity seeker, the visitor who only wants to be amused, finds something at Durham to interest him. He sees the ponderous knocker on the north door, and hears the story of the refuge these walls once afforded to the guilty one who fled from the avenger. He is shown the sculptured milkmaid and her cow, and is told how the monks of old found their way to Durham. He is taken into the Galilee to the tomb of the Venerable Bede, and learns how the inscribing monk's Latinity was helped out by the chisel of an angel. In the south transept he looks up at the pillar which leans now this way, now that, as he may chance to stand right or left of it. Behind the altar screen a stone is pointed out to him worn hollow by the knees of the pilgrims who, in ancient days, knelt at the shrine of St. Cuthbert, and enriched the treasury of the monks by their offerings.

I find no fault with one whose interest centres in the curiosities of a church; but I say there are greater things which deserve our attention. The visitor to

Durham Cathedral will do well, first of all, to gain some acquaintance with its external aspects, and to study carefully some of the more distant views of it. Its west front is especially grand and striking from almost every point from which it can be seen. The hill behind the railway station, Framwellgate Bridge, and the Prebend's Bridge are favourite spots from which to see it, and the heights of the opposite banks of the Wear must not be overlooked. Nearer views are scarcely so desirable. For these the Palace Green undoubtedly affords the best vantage ground, but the paring and dressing and "restoration," which the exterior has undergone, detract, it must be confessed, in a very marked degree, from the character which, under wiser custodianship, it might have yet retained.

To describe the interior I am altogether incompetent, and, perhaps in this respect I am not much different from

other people. It would be the easiest thing imaginable to give a technical description of the architecture, but architecture like that of Durham Cathedral appeals much more to our emotions than to our intellects. One of our illustrations is a view in the nave looking eastward. In the immediate foreground we see the dark cross in the floor over which women of any age and of every rank may now pass fearlessly, for St. Cuthbert has been appeased. To the right we see massive piers and heavy arches, and above these the triforium and the clerestory and the vault which spans the nave. In this part of the church we notice the prevalence of the zigzag moulding, of which we shall find not a trace in the earlier work of the choir. Before us we see the rose-window at the east end of the church, and, nearer, the vault of the choir, whilst between choir and nave we gain a glimpse of the lantern and of its lower gallery.



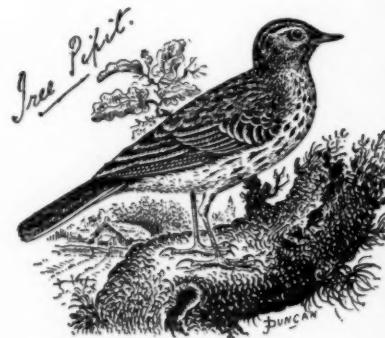
THE GALLEE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE TOMB OF BEDE.

Another of our illustrations is a view in Pudsey's Galilee, with Bede's plain, modern tomb on our right. Here again we have zigzag mouldings on the arches, but how light and graceful are those arches! How slender the columns on which they rest! Each column consists of four clustered shafts, two of which are of Purbeck marble and the two others of sandstone. It is noticeable, too, that the marble shafts carry the arches, whilst the sandstone shafts carry nothing. It is sometimes said that the marble shafts were erected by Pudsey's architect, whilst those of sandstone were added in the time of Langley. This can scarcely have been the case. It is more probable that Pudsey's architect, seeing the apparent insufficiency of the two marble columns to carry the superincumbent weight, added the sandstone shafts after the building was otherwise complete, and then solely for the purpose of supplying what is needed in all good architecture, namely, the satisfaction to the eye that every part of a structure is sufficient for the position it occupies.

A third illustration shows the Chapel of the Nine Altars, with the inserted later north window. Here we reach a further stage in the progress of architectural art towards lightness of proportion and gracefulness of form. We have indeed reached the work of a period when, in some respects, architecture had attained the greatest degree of perfection which has yet been achieved. In this chapel we have an illustration of what I mean. Every detail in this part of the church is extremely beautiful; but the capitals of the shafts from which the vaulting springs, though perhaps not equal to work of the same period to be found at York and Lincoln, present such exquisite examples of conventional foliage in stone, carved with inconceivable tenderness and in almost infinite variety, as to justify one in saying that the golden age of architectural capitals was the age wherein the Chapel of the Nine Altars was built.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

caterpillars, grasshoppers, worms, and small seeds. "The song of the tree pipit," says the Rev. J. G. Wood, "is generally given in a very curious manner. Taking advantage of some convenient tree, it hops from branch to branch, chirping merrily with each hop, and after reaching the summit of the tree, perches for a few moments, and then launches itself into the air for the purpose of continuing its ascent. Having accomplished this feat, the bird bursts into a triumphant strain of music, and, fluttering downwards as it sings, alights upon the same tree from which it had started,



and by successive leaps again reaches the ground." The nest is almost invariably placed on the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of woods and thickets, and is mostly well concealed amid the grass. It is composed of dry roots and grass, and sometimes lined with a few hairs. Two broods are usually reared in the season.

The Meadow Pipit or Titlark (*Anthus pratensis*) is nearly as well known to Northern school boys as the hedge sparrow or the robin. Its scientific name literally



means "small bird of the meadow," though it will be found plentifully on moors, mosses, and waste places, where, from its well-known cry, or cheep, it is often called the moss cheeper. It is also called the titling, meadow titling, ling bird, grey cheeper, and meadow lark.

The Pipits.

PERHAPS the handsomest member of the Pipit family is the Tree Pipit (*Anthus arboreus*), which is tolerably plentiful in the two Northern Counties. It is known as the pipit lark, field titling, field lark, lesser field lark, tree lark, grasshopper lark, lesser crested lark, short-heeled field lark, and meadow lark. Arriving in this country in April or early May, it departs, after nidification, for warmer countries in September. Like most of our spring visitors, the males arrive a week or ten days before the females. The chief food of the bird consists of flies,

Though of sober plumage above, it is prettily speckled on the light-coloured breast and lower part of the body with dark brown spots. The length of the male is about six and a half inches. The nest of the meadow pipit may be found in various localities—in rich, low-lying meadows, and high upon the wildest moors. In the fields, but especially on moors, the humble but not unpleasant song of the bird can be frequently heard during summer. Sometimes it sings from a hillock, a stone wall, or a rail; but it is best heard when it launches into the air and wheels round in short circles, which are gradually decreased as the bird nears the ground, when it closes its wings and drops suddenly down, something like the skylark. The ordinary cry of the bird is a somewhat mournful "peep, peep," and, when alarmed, a sibilant "trit, trit."

The Rock Pipit (*Anthus aquaticus*) is familiar to most people who reside near the coast. Mr. Hancock remarks, in his "Catalogue of the Birds of Northumberland and Durham," that it is "a resident, breeding plentifully on our rocky sea shores, and remaining with us the whole year." It has a variety of common names, connecting it with the lark family and the sea shore. In addition to its proper name it is called the rock lark, sea lark, field lark, dusky lark, shore lark, shore pipit, and sea titling; while its scientific name (*aquaticus*) denotes that it frequents watery places. It is found along all our sea coasts, but more especially where there are plenty of rocks. It breeds plentifully among the sand hills to the north of Hartlepool, up to the mouth of Castle Eden Dene. It is common about Marsden Rock, and in summer and winter

on the sides. The nest is usually placed in holes of the rock or on ledges, often far up the face of the rock overhanging the sea.

The Towneley Family.

MISS MABEL ANNE TOWNELEY, whose marriage to Lord Clifford took place at the Oratory, Brompton, on January 23, 1890, is a member of an ancient, highly-distinguished, and much esteemed county family.

The Towneleys can trace their direct descent from Spartlingus, first Dean of Whalley, who lived about the year 896, during the reign of King Alfred. From that early date to the present, the family has been intimately identified with the political, military, literary, antiquarian, and artistic history of the country. Members of it have been repeatedly high sheriffs of Lancashire, occupied seats in Parliament, and held places of trust and confidence in Court and Government. They played a distinguished part throughout the Wars of the Roses, usually identifying themselves with the Lancastrians. Richard de Towneley had close personal and family relations with John of Gaunt. Richard's grandson was knighted on the battle field of Hutton in 1481; another Towneley was knighted for the part he took in the siege of Leith; and Charles Towneley fell fighting for the king at Marston Moor. During the troubled period of English history beginning with the accession of the Stuarts and ending with the accession of the Hanoverians, the Towneleys, fathers and sons, uncles and nephews, were always active, devoted, and chivalrous partisans of the Royalist cause. Several of them were slain in battle, and more than one suffered torture and death for their devotion to their king and church. They were "out" in the insurrection of 1715, and again in 1745. Through their chequered and adventurous career, the Towneleys have always been true to their motto, "*Tenez le Vray*"—they stuck to the cause of the Stuarts and the cause of the Catholics, when the former was lost, and when the adherents of the latter were subjected to persecution and proscription. Collateral members of the family were ennobled, but the head of the house never was, although on more than one occasion he could have been if he had desired. Their achievements have not been exclusively confined to the arenas of politics and war. Richard Towneley, the head of the family in the latter part of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries, attained to great distinction as a philosopher and mathematician; John Towneley was the tutor of the "Young Chevalier," and translated Hudibras into French; and Charles Towneley, the twentieth direct descendant from Spartlingus, known as "The Lord of Towneley," was



numbers may be seen feeding among the seaweed cast up by the tide. It is common also in the neighbourhood of St. Mary's Island. The male bird is from six to seven inches in length, and the general hue of the back plumage is of a deep olive green. The breast is of a dull greenish white, with brown spots and streaks, and olive brown

distinguished by his great taste in fine arts, and formed the celebrated collection of the Towneley marbles now in the British Museum. A Miss Towneley was the wife of Alleyn, the great actor, dramatist, and philanthropist, who purchased the manor of Dulwich in 1606, and built and endowed the famous college there.

The Towneley family possesses more than 23,000 acres of land in Lancashire, 18,000 acres in Yorkshire, and about 5,000 acres in Durham. Some 3,600 acres of the last-mentioned property are situated in the parishes of Winstanley and Ryton, and about 1,400 acres at Stanley, near Tanfield. The Towneleys came into the possession of the Durham property by marriage. The Stella estate originally belonged to the nuns of St. Bartholomew. They held it uninterruptedly from before the Conquest until the dissolution of the monasteries. After that the Stella estate was bought by the Tempests of Newcastle, a mercantile branch of the Tempests of Holmside, who took part in the rebellion of the earls of 1570, and lost in consequence their inheritance. The Tempests lived at Stella for upwards of 200 years, and, like the Towneleys, were ever true to the cause of the Stuarts and the Catholic Church. The daughter of the last male representative of the family married Lord Widdrington, who, along with Lord Derwentwater, was sentenced to death for his participation in the rising of 1715. Lord Widdrington was pardoned, and although his paternal estates were confiscated, his Stella and Stanley properties were restored to him, as he had obtained them through his wife. The property descended from him to his son, and then in succession to his daughters, one of whom was married to a Towneley. Peregrine Edward Towneley, who came into possession of the estates upwards of a hundred years ago, had two sons, Charles and John. Charles, the elder, had no son, but he had three daughters. John, who was for some time member for Beverley, had one son and four daughters. Both John Towneley and Charles Towneley, as well as John Towneley's son, Richard, are now dead, and the estate has been divided between the two families. The Lancashire property has gone to the daughters of the late Charles Towneley, and the Yorkshire and Durham properties have gone to the daughters of the late John Towneley. This settlement was effected by a private Act of Parliament passed a few years ago. Miss Mabel Anne Towneley, now Lady Clifford, is the youngest daughter of the late John Towneley.

Rejoicings in connection with the marriage took place on the Stella, Blaydon, Stanley, and other estates of the family in the county of Durham.

The Sad Story of Amy Fawsitt.

FOR the Easter week of 1868, Mr. E. D. Davis, who was then lessee of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, advertised in the local papers that there would be "an unparalleled attraction and an extraordinary combination of talent." A new drama, entitled "Lost in London," was presented that evening (April 13) for the first time, supported by Mr. Tom Glenney, a very excellent actor, and a native of Newcastle; Mr. Alfred Davis, his wife, &c. The play was followed by a burlesque—"The Fair One with the Golden Locks"—in which Miss Marion Taylor played the principal part. On the following day the critic of the *Daily Chronicle* spoke rather disparagingly of the burlesque, but gave unstinted praise to the actors engaged in the drama—Messrs. Glenney and Alfred Davis especially. A young actress, however, who played the part of a Lancashire Lass (Tiddy Draggletorpe) received great commendation, her acting being pronounced "fresh, vigorous, and consistent throughout." The name of this young actress was Amy Fawsitt, who first joined the Theatre Royal company at the beginning of the season of 1867-68.

"Lost in London" was a great success, and was played to good houses for twelve nights. The writer of this



Miss Amy Fawsitt. 1870.

narrative was present on its first representation, and well remembers the remarkably fine and natural acting of Miss Fawsitt, and the hearty applause which it evoked from a crowded house. The most thrilling scene in the piece was Tiddy's descent down a coal shaft to tell Job Armroyd of his wife's elopement. The grief, sorrow, and womanly sympathy she displayed when conveying to Job

the terrible tidings were very touching and pathetic, and drew tears from the major part of the audience. If the writer is not mistaken, Amy Fawsitt played for two successive seasons at the Theatre Royal, and then succeeded in obtaining an engagement at one of the first theatres in London, where she speedily became a great favourite.

We might here mention that the late Mr. Davis brought out upon the Newcastle boards a number of young actresses who afterwards achieved high rank in their profession. Amongst these were Miss Emily Cross, Miss Clifford, and Miss Enson; and we might also name Fanny Ternan, who, although she frequently appeared on the stage as a child actress or "infant phenomenon," had retired from the theatre for years before she made her *début* (a young lady of 18) on the Newcastle boards in 1853. Old playgoers will also remember several lady members of Mr. Davis's companies who, on leaving Newcastle, achieved London and provincial reputations, notably Miss Johnstone, Miss Lavine, Miss Agnes Markham, Miss Ada Dyas, Miss Fanny Addison, &c.

To return to Miss Fawsitt. We believe that her first essay in London was at the Vaudeville Theatre. Here she made a decided hit. Two or three Newcastle gentlemen, who had previously seen her at the "Royal," and who afterwards saw her in London, have told the writer that the improvement in her acting in so short a time was surprising, and that her admirable impersonation of Lady Teazle in Sheridan's matchless comedy was the talk of the town.

After an actor or actress has gained a London reputation, offers of lucrative engagements are generally sent from America in shoals, and Miss Fawsitt was no exception to the rule. In August, 1876, Mr. Fiske, lessee of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, telegraphed to the young actress offering her an engagement to play in Daly's comedy of "Life." The offer was at once accepted, and Miss Fawsitt left England eight days after the receipt of the telegram. She entered upon her engagement on the 16th September, 1876, her salary being at the rate of 165 dollars a week. She became a great favourite with the New Yorkers immediately, and a brilliant career seemed to be open to her; but on the 21st of October Miss Fawsitt threw up her engagement, having played exactly five weeks. Early in October, she had left the hotel where she had stayed since her arrival in America, and took private apartments, alleging as her reason for so doing that a large hotel offered great temptations in the way of drink and gay company. Miss Dollman, who had come out from England with Miss Fawsitt as her maid, accompanied her to lodgings, but left her service after a few weeks. Then the poor girl fell into the clutches of as cruel and wicked a wretch as ever disgraced the earth. The story of her sufferings at the hands of this infamous scoundrel is heartrending even to read. We will narrate the circum-

stances, however, as they were told in the New York papers some months after Miss Fawsitt had succumbed to her ill-treatment.

Of course, a sensational event like the tragical death of a favourite actress was not likely to be neglected by the American newspapers, and accordingly a smart reporter was sent by the *New York Herald* to obtain what information he could. After diligent inquiry, the reporter found that the actress had long been under the ascendancy of a villain whom she had at first engaged as a servant; that, owing doubtless to the feeling of degradation which this *liaison* entailed, she was almost constantly under the influence of liquor; that the villain pawned her dresses, jewellery, and theatrical wardrobe; that she was nearly always kept under lock and key; and that she was abused and beaten by the drunken brute from whose thrall she seemed unable to escape. The *Herald* reporter obtained the following astounding details from a lady lodger who lived in the same boarding-house as Miss Fawsitt:—

The heartless wretch who had obtained such a baleful influence over his paramour was named "Billy," or "Booby," as Miss Fawsitt always called him. Mr. Montague, an actor at the Avenue Theatre, who had urged the young lady to leave the hotel and take private apartments, was a frequent visitor, but could not always obtain admission, as the poor girl was rigidly guarded. Sometimes, however, Billy was so stupidly drunk that he forgot to lock her up; and on one occasion when he went out he had left the door open, and poor Miss Fawsitt ran downstairs to the rooms below, and implored the assistance of a gentleman who lived there. Moved to compassion, he promised to help her and to get her out of the house, and in the meantime allowed her to remain in his rooms. When her tyrant returned, he was frantic with rage to find that his prisoner had escaped, and went storming about the house like a madman. At last, on looking through the glass panel of the door of the room where she was hidden, he discovered her, and, smashing in the door, he seized his hapless victim, who was screaming for help, and dashed her over the balustrade down to the floor below. There she lay motionless as a corpse, when Billy, still cursing, and in a towering rage, ran down and picked her up, and carried her back to her room, beating her all the way. When he got her there, he dashed her on the floor, when, her head striking the surbase, she received an ugly scalp wound from which the blood flowed freely. The wretch then took the poor senseless woman and threw her on the bed with such brutal violence as to break it. Her cries and moans could be heard for two hours afterwards; but, as the doors were securely bolted, no one could go to her assistance. This occurred three days before Christmas. Her friend, Miss Lennox, a member of the Avenue Theatre company, had invited her to dine on the Christmas Day, but Billy refused to allow her to go. The morning after Christmas, Mrs. King, the boarding-house keeper, told a Mrs. Greene that Amy Fawsitt was dead, she having succumbed to her injuries three days after being thrown over the balustrade. An hour or two after she died, the infamous wretch who had killed her was looking out her best dresses to pawn for drink.

One thing is plain in this shameful story, the man Billy was screened by the lodging-house keeper, Mrs. King, as the foregoing details only came out by degrees and after the lapse of several months. We cannot find that the fellow was arrested, or that any effort was ever made to bring him to justice. That he should have

{ March
1860.

escaped scot-free is not the least astonishing part of the awful tragedy.

The sketch on page 126 shows Miss Fawatt as Espada in the pantomime of the "Queen of the Frogs," which was produced at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, Christmas, 1867. The photograph from which it is taken was kindly lent by Mr. Ogilvie, Hartington Street, Newcastle.

W. W. W.

Craster House, Northumberland.

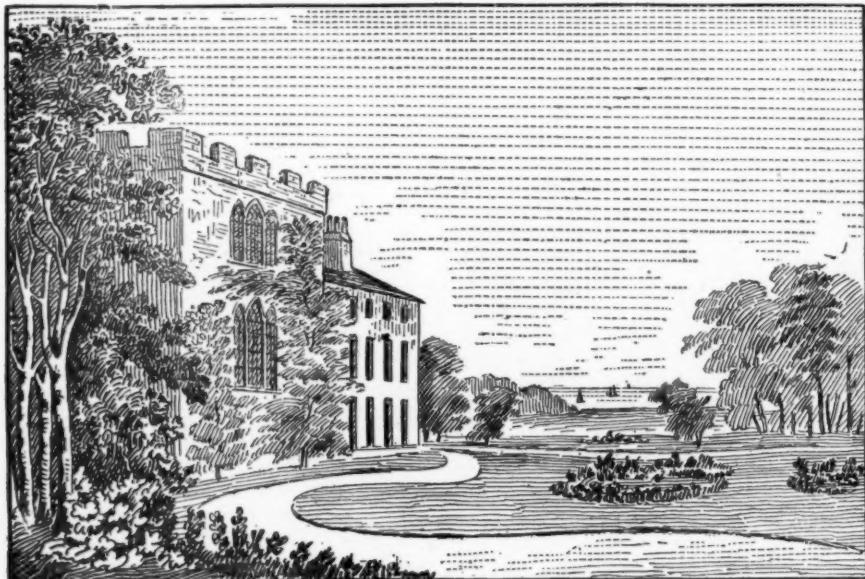
CRASTER HOUSE, or Tower, is situated on the coast of Northumberland, about ten miles from Alnwick. It is an adaptation of a small Border fortress as a modern dwelling-house. An ancient vaulted kitchen is retained as a cellar. The house commands fine sea views through the chasms of a bold chain of broken rocks that run between it and the shore. The family of Craster dates from before the Conquest. William de Craucesti held Craucesti in 1272. Shafto Craster, said to be the last male descendant of this ancient family, died on May 7, 1837, in his eighty-third year. He was a man of unbounded charity. Not satisfied with his own individual efforts, he appointed persons in many places to dispense relief on his behalf.

His remains were deposited in the family vault in the northern aisle of Embleton Church on May 30, 1837, the funeral being attended by many hundreds of the inhabitants of the district. Craster House is now owned by John Craster, eldest son of the late Thomas Wood, who assumed the surname and arms of Craster by virtue of the will of a former member of the old family. Mr. John Craster was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1879.

Hollinside Manor.

HE ruins of the manor of Hollinside are situated in the Derwent Valley, within a comparatively easy distance of Swalwell, Winlaton Mill, and Axwell Park, though it must be at the same time confessed that the road thither is none of the easiest. "Marry, 'tis a hard road to hit," as old Gobbo says. But the ruins are worth a visit all the same, especially when the weather is fine, and the beauty of the scenery can be observed to the best advantage.

Arrived at the old building, the visitor's attention is probably first drawn to the kitchen of the manor house. Here he notices the chimney-piece, still in excellent preservation. It is a solid block of masonry, some ten or ten-and-a-half feet in length. Nothing further remains



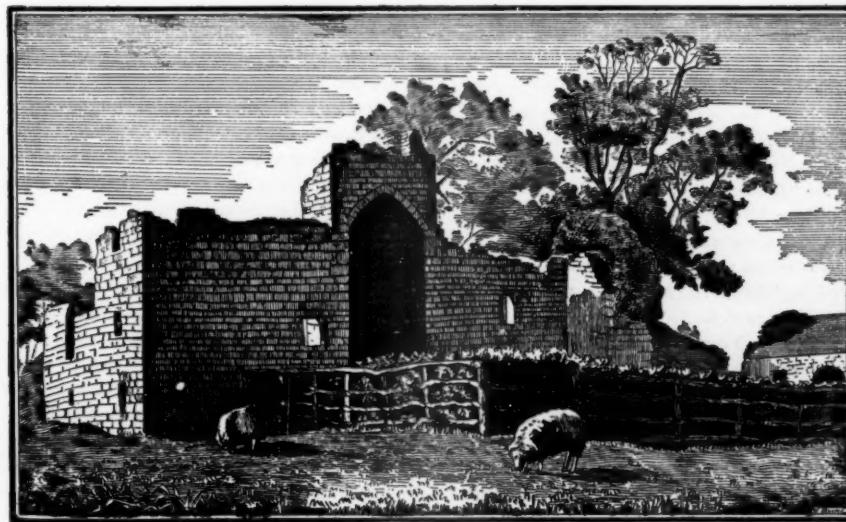
CRASTER HOUSE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

here to delay the inquisitive visitor. Leaving this room, he will come next upon the principal entrance, still strong even in its decay. Here he will note the two side passages, suggestive of preparations for defence in the troubled times of the past ; and the third narrow passage, at right angles to the main entrance, which a few resolute men might easily have defended against hundreds of assailants when the building was in its integrity. Here, too, cattle might have been driven within the manor house in times of threatening and danger, if there seemed reason for such a step. Looking behind, the visitor will see traces of mason-work, suggesting that much of the ancient pile has yielded slowly to the destroying touch of time ; looking upward, he cannot fail to note the gruesome square hole, and consider what may have been its original purpose. Was it to enable the inmates of the manor house, if hard pressed by foes, to pour down on their devoted heads boiling lead ? If the visitor walk round now to the other side, he will be struck by the impregnability of the situation, as it must have been in the olden time.

The local traditions connected with Hollinside are scant ; but this one we may quote. Under date March 13, 1518, the historian records :—“ Thomas Hollinside conveys his manor of Hollinside, near Axwell, to Willian Bointon, of Newcastle, and Isolda, his wife, with all his demesne lands, and free service of his tenants, a watermill called Clokintennens [this name still lives in the neighbourhood, but in a slightly corrupted form], situate

upon the New Dene Burn, and his fishery in the Derwent. This property afterwards came into the hands of the Hardings, descendants of Sampson Harding, Mayor and M.P. for Newcastle towards the close of this [the fourteenth] century.” (Welford’s “History of Newcastle and Gateshead.”) Sampson Harding was, in fact, Mayor for four consecutive years, namely, from 1396 to 1399, inclusive.

The Hardings, who hailed from Beadnell, in Northumberland, do not seem to have prospered, although they were at one time engaged in the coal trade, having mines on their Hollinside estates. Their property became mortgaged to their neighbour, George Bowes, Esq., of Gibside, who became the owner of it about the year 1730. Some interest appears to have been retained in the land for a time, as in the cash books of the Gibside estate entries are found of several payments of sums of money to the Harding family. Mr. J. F. Robinson has in his possession an original bill from George Bowes to Richard Harding for corn, grassing of cows, and coals, in 1742-43, amounting to £3 6s. 0d., which was paid on June 14, 1743. There is a curious bill from Richard Harding to George Bowes for shooting birds of prey in 1742, viz., for shooting 30 crows at 2d. each, 5s. ; 11 magpies at 2d. each, 1s. 10d. ; 5 buzzards at —. But the bill here leaves off without informing us how much it cost to shoot a buzzard. The Harding family is not extinct, or was not a few years ago. Many descendants were employed in Crowley’s factory at Winlaton Mill.



HOLLINSIDE MANOR.

Curious Customs of the Lake District.

THE natives of "canny auld Cumberland" are, as a rule, very proud of the customs and ceremonies peculiar to the "playground of England." The progress of the iron and coal trades and other industries, the annually increasing influx of visitors from other parts of the kingdom, and the spread of education, have each had a considerable effect in giving a death blow to some of the quaintest observances. The inhabitants of Cumberland and Westmorland are rather conservative in regard to their customs, and to this cause, doubtless, may be due the fact that old-time usages yet linger in some places. These ceremonies, even, are rapidly becoming rare, the rising generation not following them with the same gusto and pleasure as was the wont of their forefathers.

As may be imagined, the three greatest events which can occur in the human life—birth, marriage, and death—come in for a large share of notice, and it may be asserted that each of these epochs is marked in a manner which obtains nowhere else. There is still one custom which has a wide following, and it promises to live the longest of all. The poorest make an effort to procure a goodly supply of "rum-butter" whenever a birth is about to take place in a family. The ingredients are easily obtainable, and, moreover, are cheap. A pound or two of moist sugar—the quantity entirely depending on the weight of sweet-butter wanted—has enough rum poured upon it to suit the particular taste of the maker, and then an equal weight of fresh melted butter is mixed in the bowl with it. After being vigorously stirred the mixture is poured into the "sweet-butter basin." This article is to be found in almost every family which has existed in the Lake District for any considerable number of years, the piece of china being looked upon in many cases as an heirloom. As soon as the "interesting event" is safely over, the rum-butter is brought out, the medical man as a rule being the first person invited to partake of the contents of the bowl, thickly spread on a piece of wheat or oat cake. The latter article of food, unfortunately, is rapidly going out of fashion, and a good, thick "butter-shag" is deemed more serviceable, though the elder folk still cling to the "haver-breed."

At present, at any rate, there does not seem much likelihood of this usage falling out of practice, the rum-butter to some tastes being very pleasant. Other customs are known only in name, having been handed down by writers who long ago flourished in the district. At Christmas time there are still what are known as "little do's," and one, which the writer has particularly in mind, has existed in Keswick, in connection with one of the leading hotels, for about a century. The "little do" is fast becoming

simply a tea and dance, but at the origin it was a very different affair. The custom seems to have arisen from what were termed "old wife do's," which were always held at the end of a month from the time of a birth. Nearly every married woman in the village—or, if in a town, every "old wife" within a prescribed limit—was invited as a matter of etiquette to join with the mother in her rejoicing that she was again in good health. The congratulations were backed up by the gift of a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, or a shilling from each person invited; the central item in the festival being the drinking of tea and emptying the rum-butter dish, card playing and other diversions occasionally following when the "men-folk" joined their spouses.

A custom which is now never practised used to be observed at every "old wife do," this being termed "stealing the sweet-butter." In describing the mode of operation, an old author states that a number of young men in the neighbourhood assembled in the evening near the house where the festivities were to take place. Having waited outside the house until the table was spread, and the women all seated round it, two or three of the boldest youths rushed in and seized the basin, or attempted to seize it, and carry it off to their companions. As many of the guests were prepared to make a desperate fight for the dish, it was frequently no easy matter to secure the prize and get out again. Indeed, it was no uncommon thing to see some of the invaders denuded of their coat-tails, or perhaps some more important part of their habiliments. When they succeeded in getting the basin of sweet-butter, a basket of oat bread was handed out to them, and they went to some neighbour's house to eat it, after which each put a few coppers into the empty basin, and returned the dish to the owners. One other custom which has fallen out of use should be noticed before leaving the "old wife do's." This was known as "jumping the can," and it would certainly be impossible for many ladies of the present day to perform the little feat when wearing the garments which fashion prescribes. A large milking pail was placed in the middle of the floor, and in it was stuck a birch broom without the handle. Over this each woman was expected to jump. It was no great height, and those who were young and active went over easily enough, but there were others who did not succeed so well, and that constituted the fun of the thing.

The wedding customs peculiar to the district might be reckoned by the dozen, but few special ones now survive. In the olden days, before the advent of railways, ten or twelve couples of young people often went to church at once on a matrimonial mission, and as the distance was sometimes several miles, they had to go on horseback. At that time the roads were unsuitable for light carriages, and travelling, even on horseback, was far from safe. The horses were put up at the public-house nearest the church; and, after

the marriage knot had been securely tied, the party returned to the public-house to drink the healths of the bride and bridegroom. This usually took some time, and it was not unfrequently the case that the males got slightly elevated by the quantity of home-brewed ale and whisky which they imbibed. The horses having been again mounted, a signal was given, and all raced home, the bride giving a ribbon to the winner. The majority of the animals were rough and heavy farm horses, with a gait the reverse of pleasant, and, as most of them carried two persons, "spills" were very common. The feasting, drinking, dancing, and merrymaking was resumed, and then came the last act of the wedding observances. The bride having retired, all the young women entered the room, and stood at the foot of the bed. The bride sat up with her back towards them, and threw her left stocking over her shoulder, and the girl who chanced to be hit by it was supposed to be the next whose turn it would be to get married.

Funeral customs are much more numerous than either of the other kinds. There is one which, while known in other parts of England, is steadfastly believed in in the North-West. From time immemorial it has been the rule in the country districts to have "corse roads" from every hamlet to the parish church. So strict were the people about keeping to these roads that in time of flood a funeral party has been known to wade knee deep through the water, rather than deviate a few yards to the right or left. On the afternoon before a funeral, all the married women within the prescribed limit already mentioned—which is locally known as a "Laasting"—were invited to go to what was termed the "winding," which meant the placing of the body in the coffin. This, of course, could easily be done in a few minutes by two or three persons, but it served as a pretext for a tea drinking and gossip. The parties on the funeral days were usually very large, two persons being invited from each family in the "Laating," besides the relatives of the family. The visitors were all expected to partake of dinner, the viands usually being more substantial than elegant. Besides the eatables there was a full supply of ale and spirits, with tobacco for those who wished to smoke. About three o'clock, which was the usual time for "lifting" the corpse, the coffin was taken outside the door and placed on the bier. The mourners stood near, and four verses of the sixteenth Psalm were sung. The way in which this was done rendered it a somewhat slow and monotonous proceeding. A line at once was given out, in a peculiar sing-song tone, by the clerk or sexton, and was then sung by a few of those present. The next step was termed "lifting" the corpse, and four men raised the bier shoulder high. Hearses were at that time unknown, and the men walked away towards the church, followed by the mourners and others who had been invited. As the distance was often two or three miles, the bearers were relieved by fresh

relays of men at certain places on the route. The ceremony over, and the body left in its last resting-place, as many of the attendants as chose went back to the house, where each was presented with a small loaf of bread to take home. This was called "arvel" bread, and was originally given only to the poor, but afterwards came to be offered to all alike.

There are hamlets in the Lake District a good ten miles from the nearest graveyard, and in those sparsely populated and healthy places a funeral is a rare occurrence. Not long ago the writer had occasion to attend the obsequies of a well-known dalesman. From the hillside farms for miles around came the Herdwick breeders, and many of them waited at the nearest public-house (two miles away) for the coming of the hearse and its followers, and then in their market carts went after the more fashionable vehicles. The hill out of Buttermere was taken at a smart walk, but as soon as the last of the houses was left behind whip was given to the horses in the hearse. Off they went, at the top of their speed, and every animal in the long procession had to follow suit. Rein was scarcely drawn for a moment till Lorton was reached, the half-dozen miles from Buttermere being covered in about three-quarters of an hour, and that along a road the roughness of which can only be appreciated by those who have been unfortunate enough to be driven over it, in a heavy, springless cart, at a quick trot. The burial concluded, everybody adjourned to a public-house close to the church gates, and quickly the scene was changed from mourning to feasting. Open house was kept for the time being, all being welcome to eat and drink to the top of their bent. After an hour and a half had been thus spent, the party separated, the dales-folk to canter back over the same rough road to their secluded homes, there to have a fireside "crack" over the "Royal" and other showyward victories achieved by the old agriculturist, who had won sufficient prize cards to completely cover the walls and ceilings of his best sitting-room, and as many articles of silver as would have sufficed to stock a shop in a very respectable manner.

PIP.

The Tyne Conservancy Contest



T was not until the Municipal Corporations Act had passed that the bed of the Tyne was attacked by a dredger; nor was it until the Tyne Improvement Act had been added to the statute-book that any great impression was made on the depth of water. From the year 1838, when dredging began, to the close of the year 1850, in which the conservancy of the river was transferred by the Legislature from the exclusive care of the Corporation of Newcastle to the hands of a board representing all the

municipal corporations on the Tyne, not quite half-a-million tons of matter were removed by dredgers from the channel of the river; whereas from 1850, to the close of 1866, the quantity dredged exceeded twenty-one millions of tons.

In the month of February, 1848, three days before the French Revolution broke out, Messrs. Thomas Hudson, chemist, South Shields, and Thomas Carr Lietch, solicitor, North Shields, were in London, endeavouring to procure an Act of Parliament to enable a company to ferry passengers across the Tyne, from the New Quay, North Shields, to Kirton's Quay, South Shields, and from Whitehill Point to the Penny Pies Stairs, South Shields, also from Howdon to Jarrow. When they were leaving the office of the Parliamentary Agent, near the House of Commons, after having completed the business they came upon, that gentleman carelessly said to them, "By-the-by, the Newcastle people are coming up next year seeking to consolidate their river powers," little thinking he was addressing two of the most active advocates for local rights to be found on the banks of the Tyne. But on this hint they lost no time in acting, though keeping their plans as profound a secret as possible, until the last day allowed them by the standing orders for giving notice of their intention to apply to Parliament, in the ensuing session, for leave to bring in a bill substantially to put an end to the river monopoly, for so many centuries enjoyed by Newcastle.

On the 5th November, 1848, Messrs. Hudson and Lietch met at tea in a house in Sydney Street, North Shields, to write out Parliamentary notices for the construction of a new quay, to extend down as far as the Low Lights. After tea, Mr. Hudson called in to join them in the consideration of river reform matters Dr. John Owen, Dr. J. P. Dodd, Mr. Robert Poppelwell, and Mr. Thomas Fenwick, afterwards Borough Surveyor of North Shields, and now practising as a civil engineer in Leeds. The party, thus consisting of six, did not separate till two o'clock next morning, having, during their confabulation, resolved upon the line to be pursued in the forthcoming agitation against the monopoly of Newcastle. On being made acquainted with what this spirited party had resolved on initiating, Captain Linskill, of Tynemouth Lodge, the most prominent man in the borough, immediately went to consult Mr. Hugh Taylor, the Duke of Northumberland's head agent, at Earsdon; and we have been told that that gentleman "blushed like a woman at the notion of Shields going to war with his old friends at Newcastle."

The Conservancy scheme was to take from the ancient town of Newcastle the sole right of its Town Council and Trinity House to manage the whole of the river business from the Sparr Hawk to Hedwin Streams, that is, from the entrance into the river to the head of the navigation, and to give the twin sea-side boroughs of Tynemouth and South Shields, the borough of Gateshead, and also the

people above Tyne Bridge, an aliquot share in the management. Mr. George Kewney, solicitor, Mr. Lietch's partner, was entrusted with the legal notices for the county of Northumberland and the town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and they appeared in the *Newcastle Journal* in the second week of November; while Mr. Hudson took charge of the notices for the county of Durham, which appeared simultaneously in the *Gateshead Observer*. The notices were kept back till the last hour, 4 p.m., and when they appeared on the Saturday morning, they produced a great commotion on Newcastle Quay. So Quixotic did the scheme appear that, in the following year, when Captain Washington was holding his preliminary inquiry at North Shields, the Newcastle gentlemen smiled at the scheme as one fit only to be promulgated by the knight of the rueful countenance. The Town Clerk of Newcastle, the venerable John Clayton, in championing the cause of the constituency he represented (and a better champion it could not have had), characterised the proposed bill, in his opening speech, as "one of a very romantic nature indeed," laying a strong stress on these words. An analysis of it, however, was sufficient to show that it was not in the least correct so to characterise it. The River Tyne Conservancy Bill, indeed, contemplated the establishment of a Board of Conservancy, the transfer to it of all existing powers of conservatorship, the settlement of the disputed question as to whether all or what portion of the dues levied on shipping and goods were applicable to river purposes, and the transfer of such funds to the proposed board.

That such a measure was imperatively wanted admitted of easy proof. We need only quote the figures attested by Captain Calver, R.N., who was employed by the Admiralty to survey the river thoroughly. That gentleman reported that, having made an exact comparison of the state of the river between Newcastle Bridge and the sea in 1849 with what it was in 1813, as shown on Rennie's plan, he found that the volume of water in the channel at high water had diminished since the latter period from 940,883,000 to 898,116,000 cubic feet, being a loss of 42,767,000 cubic feet, whilst the capacity of the channel at low water had diminished from 214,262,000 to 205,756,000 cubic feet, being a loss of 8,506,000 cubic feet, thus making a total diminution in the quantity of tidal water no less than 34,261,000 cubic feet at each tide. This loss was corroborated by the reduction of a quarter part in the sectional capacity of the bar, a decay in the rate of the flood, and a decrease in the width of the Narrows, which last might be termed the gauge of the quantity of tidal water admitted into the river. He found that there had been an encroachment of ninety-five acres, or one-sixteenth of the whole, upon the high water surface, that the extent of the principal shoals only had increased from a hundred to one hundred and four acres, and that the deep water channel was decidedly in-

ferior for all navigation purposes to what it had been thirty-six years before. For more than one part of the channel, as on Hebburn Shoal and the Cockrow Sand, there was only three feet at low water; in other parts there were deep pools where vessels could lie afloat at all times of the tide. Immediately below Tyne Bridge there was deep water, whilst immediately above it there was shoal water. The tide flowed only ten miles above bridge, and was then impeded by a bed of gravel, which alone prevented it flowing much higher.

In short, the Tyne somewhat resembled those Australian rivers which at certain times are little better than chains of stagnant pools, connected by tiny streams of running water. Messrs. Rennie, Richardson, Macgregor, Cubitt, Murray, and others had from time to time recommended various works, which would have greatly improved the navigation of the river, and benefited materially the industries on its banks; but nothing had been done to carry these recommendations out, the Corporation contending that their charters involved no obligation to improve the river, but only obliged them to keep the channel open. In this view they were implicitly backed by that sturdy anti-reformer Mr. William Richmond, of North Shields, who gave it as his oracular dictum that "the Tyne would do very well if it were let alone; but it was dying of the doctor." The river at that time yielded a revenue of not much less than £20,000 a year, but the bulk of the money was spent for purely Corporation purposes. Large tracts of land had been "filched" from the river, excluding tidal water; and the Corporation deemed that it had done enough, though benefiting largely by these encroachments, when it merely removed wrecks out of the channel. No tidal observations were kept, nor was there any self-regulating gauge maintained, to show whether the river was or was not deteriorating; in short, the river was left almost entirely, except for the above-mentioned encroachments, to the action of the contending land floods and tides. At the same time, Mr. W. A. Brooks, the Corporation's own engineer, when asked by the Admiralty Commissioner whether it had been found that the improvements, which Rennie and others had so pointedly recommended, could not be carried out on account of insuperable difficulties in the way, replied:—"There would be no difficulty whatever; it is simply a matter of expense."

The Committee of the House of Commons, to whom the Conservancy Bill was referred, met for the first time on the 13th of May. The members were Mr. Philip Miles, Bristol, chairman; the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Arundel; the Hon. E. H. Stanley, Lynn Regis; Mr. G. Greenall, Warrington; Mr. W. H. Stanton, Stroud; Mr. William Ord, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. T. E. Headlam, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. R. W. Grey, Tynemouth; and Mr. John Twizell Wawn, South Shields. At their last sitting, on the 16th of June, the preamble of the bill was declared to be proved; and on being reported to the

House it soon after passed through its remaining stages. On the 16th July, the second reading was carried in the House of Lords, after a long debate, in which Lord Brougham spoke bitterly against the bill, by a majority of 42 to 30; and on the 24th, a Select Committee of their lordships, consisting of the Earl of Devon (chairman) and Lords Wynford, Cowper, Canning, and Lyttleton, sat for the first time; but, after sitting two days, the views of their lordships were so clearly hostile to the progress of the bill, that it was withdrawn by the promoters. In 1850, the Tyne Conservancy Bill was again brought forward, while the Corporation of Newcastle introduced a Tyne Navigation Bill, in order to remedy some of the evils which the Shields people the year before had sought by their bill to remedy. The Select Committee of the House of Commons, to whom was referred the consideration of these two competing bills, met for the first time on the 18th of March, and adjourned to the 11th of April, after which they sat regularly until the 10th May, when they declared the preamble of the Corporation bill proved. The opposing parties had in the meantime arrived at a friendly understanding, by which the river reformers obtained substantially what they had demanded. Thus materially amended, the Tyne Navigation Bill received the royal assent on the 15th July, 1850—a day ever memorable in the annals of the Tyne.

The struggle had been an arduous one, and high honour was due to those talented and determined individuals through whose instrumentality and perseverance, under no common difficulties, a successful termination had been secured. The public spirit shown by the leading inhabitants of North and South Shields, Gateshead, Blaydon, and other places situated on the Tyne estuary was very great; and the ability and energy of the then Town Clerk of Tynemouth, Mr. T. C. Lietch, who led the van of the river reformers, showed him to be no ordinary man. The names of the more prominent gentlemen who stood at his back were Captain Linskell, Dr. Mackinlay, Dr. Fenwick, Dr. Owen, and Messrs. Robert Forth, R. Pow, Thomas Coxon, Emanuel Young, Peter Dale, George Johnson, George Shotton, John Dale, John Dryden, Robert Peart, Thomas Barker, Solomon Mease, Joseph Straker, John Rennison, T. S. Dobinson, James Lesslie, Matthew H. Atkinson, Matthew Poppelwell, John Wright, G. S. Tyzack, William Wingrave, William Harrison, John Twizell, George Avery, James Donkin, Robt. Cleugh, George Metcalfe, Dennis Hill, E. R. Arthur, George Hall, Alexander Scott, and Henry Brightman, the indefatigable hon. secretary, all of North Shields. Then for the southern borough there were Messrs. Thomas Hudson, Robert Anderson, James Young, John Robinson, John Clay, James C. Stevenson, James Mather, Charles N. Wawn, Sheppard Skee, Thos. Stanton, Ralph Hart, E. D. Thompson, Henry Briggs, John Ness, Solomon Sutherland, Terrot Glover, Samuel

Couper, Matthew Aisbett, and Messrs. J. W. Lamb, and Hugh M'Coll, secretaries (the latter gentleman being the life of the committee), with the Town Clerk, Mr. Thomas Salmon. Mr. William Kell, the Town Clerk of Gateshead, likewise took an active part, as did Messrs. W. H. Brockett, George Hawks, John Abbot, and James Clephan, the editor of the *Gateshead Observer*, who, with his able leading articles, was a powerful ally of the river reformers, and rendered them essential service through demonstrating that whatever improved the river must benefit the trade and commerce on its banks, and consequently Newcastle, the metropolis of the district. The subject was ably handled, too, in a series of letters by Dr. D. R. Lietch, of Keswick, brother of the Town Clerk of Tynemouth, who took the title of "A Faithful Son of Father Tyne." The above-bridge reformers could not possibly have had a better leader than Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Cowen, who had at his back Messrs. Hawdon, Hall, Johnson, Scott, and others. The foremost defenders of the Newcastle monopoly were Mr. William Armstrong, the town treasurer, Alderman Dunn, Mr. Ralph Park Philipson, Mr. Stephen Lowrey, Mr. John Rayne, Mr. W. A. Brooks, and, of course, Mr. Clayton.

The promoters of the Conservancy Bill had to pay somewhat dearly for it, as it cost about £5,000, while the Newcastle party had the river funds to fight with.

The River Tyne Improvement Commissioners have certainly made good their title; while the opponents of the change, and the prophets of evil consequences, have long ago seen how mistaken were their dark forebodings. Capacious docks have been constructed, piers are being completed, the river has been deepened throughout, and the bar may be said to have altogether vanished. Ships may now enter the Tyne as readily at low water as formerly at high; and the many millions of capital which have been laid out since 1851, from the bar to Blaydon, in shipbuilding yards, engine and ordnance works, locomotive works, foundries, chemical works, glassworks, soaperies, breweries, potteries, tanneries, chain and anchor works, roperies, sailcloth manufactories, fire-brick manufactories, steel works, &c., &c., show that the movement which, when it originated in Shields, was laughed at as a monstrous myth has turned out a glorious reality. All the old obstructions have been removed—including the Insand, the Middle Ground, the Nine Feet Bar, the Dertwick Sands, Jarrow Sand, Hebburn Sand, Hayhole Point, Willington Shoal, Bill Point, Friar's Goose Point, and Tyne Bridge (now replaced by the Swing Bridge, through which lately passed the finest ship in her Majesty's navy, constructed at the works established by Lord Armstrong at Elswick). The removal of Tyne Bridge having rendered practicable the straightening and deepening of the channel as far up as Stella and Ryton, the banks of the Tyne, for a stretch of

fourteen or fifteen miles, have been converted into one vast hive of industry, to which there is no parallel in the world.

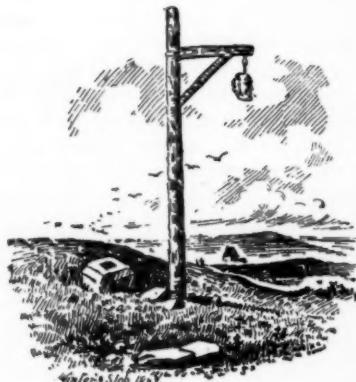
WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Winter's Stob, Elsdon.

A FULL account of the Elsdon Tragedy and of the gibbeting of William Winter at Sting Cross, Harwood Head, appeared in the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*. Reference is there made to the various changes which the



gibbet, or "stob," as it is termed by the inhabitants of Elsdon and the neighbourhood, underwent in the course of years. The accompanying drawings show the appearance of this well-known object in 1859 and 1889.



The stone to the left has occupied the same position for the last quarter of a century. To the right may be seen a

shepherd's hut ; it is now in ruins. In 1859 the upright pole was covered with large spike nails, which, it is supposed, had been inserted to prevent the removal of the stub by Winter's friends ; and only a couple of pieces of chain hung from the cross-beam. When the drawing was made in November, 1889, the stub had evidently been renewed. There were no nails in the upright pole, and from the cross-beam was suspended a wooden head, the remains of a representation of the human figure. We are indebted to Mr. Robert Wood, Newcastle, for the accompanying sketches.

Camilla Colville.

THE romantic story of Camilla Colville—"Camilla of the White House," the lovely lady who in the last century became Countess of Tankerville—has been told in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 274. A portrait of Camilla is still in the



Camilla Colville.

possession of Mr. J. S. Forster, whose father purchased the White House in 1856. It is from this portrait that our sketch has, by Mr. Forster's kind permission, been copied.

Mr. Valentine Smith.



S MR. Valentine Smith has lately been conducting an operatic season in Newcastle, perhaps a sketch of his career may prove acceptable to our readers. Mr. Smith has a special claim upon the North of England, inasmuch as he is a native of Barnard Castle, where his father carried on a large business, being the inventor, patentee, and manufacturer of street-sweeping machines.

Young Smith evinced a taste for music at an early age. When a boy of six he used to sing in choirs ; at the age of eight he was often asked to assist at harvest festivals in the neighbourhood of his native place, his sweet alto voice being highly appreciated. Soon afterwards he joined the Barnard Castle Sacred Harmonic Society. When about fifteen years of age, he took the management of the choir at St. Mary's, Barnard Castle. It is a curious fact that young Smith's voice, which ranged from the lower E below the stave to C sharp or D—nearly two octaves—never changed at the usual period, and Mr. Smith retains the same notes, with the difference that his voice is now a tenor of robust quality. It was thought expedient that he should have a rest, and for a space of fifteen months he hardly sang a note. The result was that when he resumed singing his voice was a perfect tenor. Passionately fond of music, he sang at numerous concerts with marked success. But he had but local fame, and it was not until a London physician, Dr. Mitchell, heard him sing that he thought of becoming a public vocalist. That gentleman was struck with the rare quality and compass of the youth's voice, and urged his father to have him trained under the best masters.

After due consideration, the parental consent was obtained. Young Smith left for London at the age of eighteen, and for some months studied under the best metropolitan masters. Deciding upon acquiring the Italian style in its perfection, he visited Milan, and for a period of six months had the advantage of the experience of San Giovanni, a well-known *maestro*, who prepared him for the stage. Mr. Smith made his *début* at Valencia, Piemonte, in the opera "Il Furioso" with gratifying success. Engagements followed in rapid succession, and he sang in many other large towns of Italy. Then he went to Constantinople, where he sang before the Sultan and other Turkish notables. Here he stayed for a period of three months.

Returning to England, he did not rest upon his oars very long. Happening to be in Sunderland upon a visit, he was suddenly called upon by Mr. J. H. Mapleson, the celebrated *entrepreneur*, who wished him to supply the place of his tenor, Tessamen (a Yorkshireman), who had fallen ill. Mr. Mapleson was on a concert tour

with a bevy of star vocalists, including Titieni, Marimon, and Agnesi, the *basso cantante*. He decided upon hearing Smith's voice before the engagement was concluded, and a meeting was arranged to take place in Mr. Vincent's shop, in Sunderland. Mapleson, Agnesi, and Tito Mattei, the pianist, were present. Mr. Smith sang in his best style. Mr. Mapleson and his friends were delighted, one and all asserting that Mario had come back again. Mr. Smith sang at the concert in the evening, and was a distinct success. The next day, the company came to Newcastle, where Mr. Smith was equally well received. It may be mentioned that he was then known as Signor Fabrini. He remained with Mapleson until the close of the tour, the engagement having been profitable in more senses than one.



Contact with some of the best vocalists of the day had revealed to him many shortcomings, and he determined upon undergoing another course of hard study. Accordingly he went to Italy again, and studied for a period of twelve months under Francesco Lamperti, the world-renowned teacher of singing. Amongst vocalists who have since become distinguished, and who were receiving the instructions of the same *maestro* at that time, were Stoltz, soprano, Waldmann, contralto, Companini and William Shakespeare, tenors, Galassi, baritone.

A telegram from Mapleson, offering an engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, recalled him to England. He made his *début* before a Newcastle audience at the Tyne Theatre as Don Ottavio in "Don Giovanni," making a

decided hit. The cast included Titieni, Sinico, Trebelli-Bettini, Marie Roze, Giulio Perkins, Borella, and Sternini. At the close of the season, he secured many lucrative engagements, singing at the Albert Hall and other places with very satisfactory results. Soon afterwards he left for the United States, where he stayed for fully four years, visiting every town in that country having a population of over 10,000 souls.

A family bereavement was the cause of his somewhat hurried return to England. Here he quickly secured an engagement with the late Mr. Carl Rosa, with whom he remained for several seasons. On leaving Rosa, Mr. Smith commenced an opera company of his own, opening at the Alexandra Palace, London. After a season with Mr. Augustus Harris's Royal Italian Opera Company, Mr. Smith began another venture on his own account at the Olympic Theatre, London, the engagement being for four weeks. His company has since appeared in many of the large towns in England, and it may be conjectured that he has secured the goodwill of his hearers, inasmuch as he has booked return visits to all the places.

Whether it be due to the climate or the defects of our language cannot be discussed here; but operatic records do not give the name of any other North-Countryman who has attained to the same eminence as Mr. Valentine Smith.

Mr. Justice Manisty.

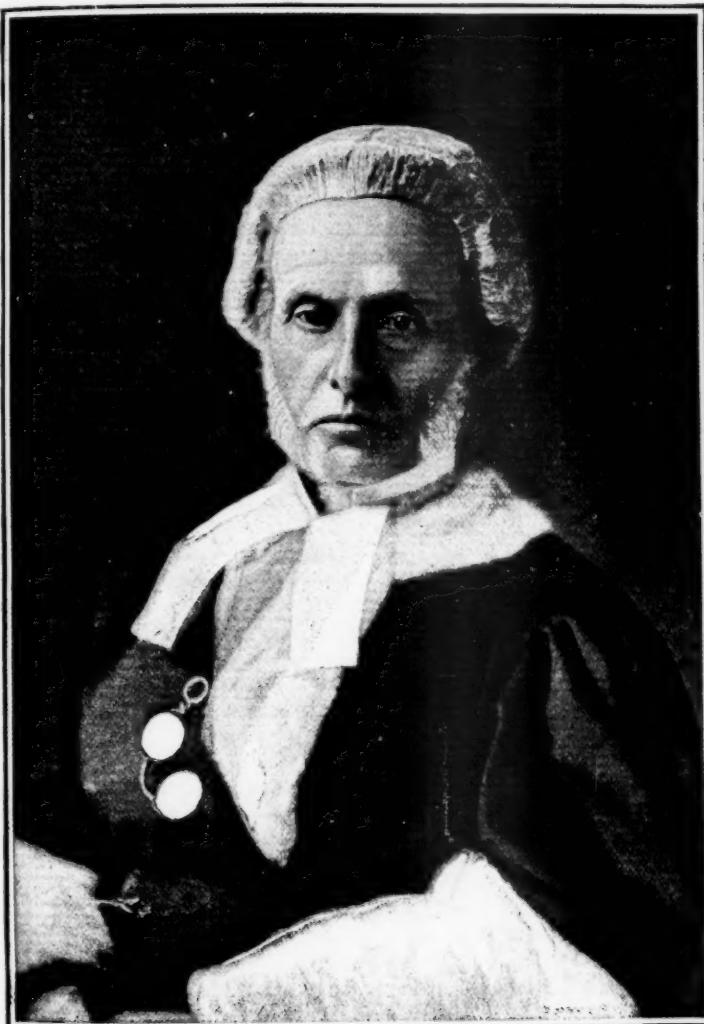
WHILE engaged in the performance of his judicial functions at the Royal Courts of Justice, London, Sir Henry Manisty, one of the judges of the Queen's Bench Division, fell suddenly ill on Friday, Jan. 24, 1890. It was found, on the arrival of medical assistance, that his lordship was suffering from a paralytic stroke. Never recovering from the attack, the learned judge expired on January 31.

Sir Henry Manisty was the second son of the Rev. James Manisty, B.D., Vicar of Edlington, near Alnwick, Northumberland. He was born at Edlington Vicarage on December 13th, 1808, and was thus a little over eighty-two years of age. His mother was Elinor, only daughter of Mr. Francis Forster, of Seaton Burn Hall, Northumberland, an alderman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Mayor of the town in 1769 and 1779. Designed in the beginning for the law, Mr. Manisty was articled, after leaving school, to Messrs. Thorp and Dickson, solicitors, in Alnwick, and afterwards became a partner in the London firm of Meggison, Pringle, and Manisty. His practice in this branch of the profession extended from 1830 until 1842, and during these years he acquired a wide knowledge of legal matters generally, and displayed conspicuous ability in everything he undertook. But,

like many another successful solicitor, his ambition sought a wider sphere for the display of his legal talents, and he relinquished the practice of a solicitor for that of a barrister. He was called to the bar in 1845, and subsequently became a bencher of Gray's Inn. Mr. Manisty was best known, perhaps, in cases affecting manorial rights and the rights of fishing, and in cases involving points of ecclesiastical law. In 1857, he was made a Queen's Counsel, and was a leader of the Northern Circuit for many years. He was very successful, and an extensive practice came to him almost immediately after he was "called," his proved ability as a solicitor gaining

for him many briefs in the very beginning of his career at the bar. Mr. Manisty was appointed a judge of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice in November, 1876, and received the honour of knighthood. He was verging upon three score and ten years when he was elevated, but he maintained his physical and mental faculties to an unwonted age. He was a most painstaking judge, and, whether in criminal or civil cases, spared neither time nor trouble to arrive at a right apprehension of truth and justice in a cause. He was a copious and careful note-taker, and his summing-up was always a model of accuracy and comprehensiveness.

The deceased judge frequently came upon the North-Eastern Circuit, and the case in which he is best known locally was that of the burglary at Edlingham Vicarage, where he himself was born. The history of that *cause célèbre*, and of the release of the two men convicted before Mr. Justice Manisty, and the subsequent conviction of the two other men who confessed themselves guilty of the crime, must be fresh in the memories of most people. In civil cases, Sir Henry Manisty displayed in his arguments keen appreciation of the strength of any point that was advanced, and was always willing to assist counsel, but, whenever opportunity offered, he sought to bring about an amicable settlement between disputants without the intervention of the law. Curiously enough, notwithstanding his long absence from these parts, Sir Henry Manisty preserved distinctly in his speech a tinge of the Northumbrian language, with which he was familiar in his boyhood. This was particularly noticeable in his sustained pronunciation of the vowels a and o; and it was all the more noticeable because his speech was always deliberate, and somewhat monotonous. His early recollections helped him wonderfully in the examination of wit-



MR. JUSTICE MANISTY.

nesses from the pit villages of Northumberland and Durham, whose unfamiliar expressions have many a time perplexed both judge and counsel at an assize trial.

Mr. Justice Manisty was twice married, first to Constantia, daughter of Mr. Patrick Dickson, of Berwick-on-Tweed, and secondly to Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Robert Stevenson, of the same place.

The portrait of the learned judge is copied from a photograph by G. Jerrard, Clandel Studio, Regent Street, London.

Notes and Commentaries.

PUDDING CHARE.

The following, from a Latin indenture of date given, while supporting the contention that a family called Pudding existed in Northumberland, which probably gave its name to the old chare in Newcastle, will be of service to antiquarian readers in another respect :—“Seton, 9 Feb., 1420. Margareta de ffurth, of Seton, in parish of Wodhorn, grants to William Bates, junior, of Bedlington, and Agnes his wife, land in Newbyggyng, in said parish, lying between lands of Thomas Rydland and land of William Johnson, burgess of Newcastle, and extending from land of Nicholas Pudyng to the sea.”

CUTHBERT H. TEASLAW, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

THE PREACHER AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Nearly sixty years ago there travelled in one of the immediate Northern preaching circuits of the Primitive Methodists a bright, smart, able preacher, whose name was William Towler. He was small of stature, but self-possessed, and as brave as a lion. Returning one night somewhat late from an appointment, his way being through one of the most lonely parts of his district, he was suddenly set upon by a man who sprang from an adjoining copse. “Your purse, sir—quick!” “Purse, my good man, I’m far too poor to carry a purse; my waistcoat pocket is my purse. But stop—hold a moment. In all unusual circumstances and moments of difficulty it is my invariable practice to bring the matter before ‘Our Father which art in Heaven,’ and if I cannot help you much, I am sure He can.” Saying which, Mr. Towler quietly took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and, spreading it on the dusty road, closed his eyes, and—well, the end of it was that when he rose from his knees and looked around, he found that the would-be robber had fled! Mr. Towler had a splendid tenor voice, and altering slightly the words of one of his favourite hymns, he made the solitude ring with—

I’ve had a tedious journey,
And dangerous, it is true—
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought me through!

The little man was too many, by far, for the stalwart

footpad, and there the incident seemed ended. Not quite. By and bye the preacher began to be greatly impressed with the fact of the almost constant presence of a fine, tall, powerful-looking man at his various meetings. Wherever Mr. Towler went—on this, or on the other side of his circuit—there was his keen and, evidently, deeply interested listener. One night Mr. Towler determined to speak to the man; but it was soon evident that both were of the same mind, for at the close of the meeting the stranger nervously approached him, begging for a short interview. The end is, of course, rightly anticipated. The erstwhile highwayman was fully in the hands of the preacher, to whom he made a clean breast of all his evil doings. His remorse and sorrow were eminently genuine, and he lived many years to “bring forth fruits meet for repentance.”

E., Wylam.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE NUMBER OF THE HOUSE.

The other day two pitmen were conversing together, not fifty miles from South Benwell, when one observed: “Ye nivvor come to see us, Jack?” “Wey, aa divvent knaa yor hoose, Geordy. Whaat’s the number?” “Wey, aa can easily tell ye wor number,” answered Geordy; “it’s the last door but yen!”

A STARTLING QUERY.

In a village not a hundred miles from Durham, one of the rising generation was taken to church for the first time on condition that he behaved himself. All went well till, just as the strains of the organ were dying away, he surprised the minister and congregation by shouting—“Ma, whor’s the monkey?”

THE INFLUENZA.

A group of men were talking in one of Armstrong’s workshops, Elswick, when the conversation drifted on to the subject of influenza. One man remarked that “the influenza hed come to the Tyne.” Thereupon a fellow-workman asked: “Whaat is this influenza? AA’ve hard a lot aboot it. Is’t a big man-of-war ship?”

“YEAST.”

A Gateshead tradesman sent his servant girl to a bookseller’s shop with a note asking for “C. Kingsley’s ‘Yeast’—sixpenny edition.” The maiden read the note, and, thinking that a mistake had been made, bought what she thought was the article required. She returned, saying:—“Heor, sor; they had ne Kingsley’s, se aa just browt the Jarman yeast!”

THE PIANO.

A town councillor, not a hundred miles from Gateshead, was telling a friend what a splendid bargain he had got in a piano. His friend asked him if it was a Broadwood. “Broadwood, be hanged!” replied the T.C. “it’s solid mahogany!”

North-Country Obituaries.

It should have been stated that the portrait of Mrs. Lanchester, which appears on page 83 of this volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, was copied from a photograph by Mr. F. Redmayne, M.A.

On the 13th of January, Mr. Christian Allhusen, a successful merchant and manufacturer on Tyneside, died at his residence, Stoke Court, Buckinghamshire, at the advanced age of 84 years. A native of Kiel, in



Christian Allhusen.

Germany, the deceased gentleman came to Newcastle in 1825, and commenced business as a corn merchant, being joined by Mr. H. W. F. Bolckow, who afterwards became one of the founders of Middlesbrough. Mr. Allhusen had also acquired a considerable connection as ship and insurance broker; but from both these industries he subsequently retired, and established the Newcastle Chemical Works, on the basis of the business previously carried on by Mr. Charles Attwood. Among other undertakings with which the deceased gentleman was connected was the Whittle Dene Water Company, of which he was one of the original projectors. From the year 1849 to the 1st of November, 1858, he was a member of the Gateshead Town Council; and a recognised authority on all trade matters, he was for many years president of the Newcastle and Gateshead Chamber of Commerce. He was the owner and occupier of Elswick Hall and grounds, which were eventually purchased by the Corporation of Newcastle for the purposes of a public park. Mr. Allhusen married Miss Shield, of Newcastle, and had a numerous family.

On the same day, at the Towers, Didsbury, near Manchester, died Mr. Daniel Adamson, a native of Shildon, in the county of Durham, and chief partner in the firm of Messrs. D. Adamson and Co., engineers and boiler

makers, Hyde Junction. Mr. Adamson, who was one of the principal promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal, gained his early engineering experience upon the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and he was general manager of the Shildon Engine Works until 1850, when he entered upon business on his own account. The deceased gentleman was 71 years of age.

The death was announced, on the 15th of January, of Mr. George Peel, fish curer, Spital, Berwick. The proprietor of fishing stations at Spital, Amble, Holy Island, and Yarmouth, he amassed money during the prosperous period of the herring trade. The deceased, who was formerly a member of the Berwick Town Council, was 70 years old.

At the age of 79, Mr. William Dodd, an old and much-esteemed tradesman, died on the 15th of January, at his residence in Eldon Street, Newcastle. He succeeded



Wm Dodd

to the bookselling business long carried on by the well-known Charnleys, first at the end of the Old Tyne Bridge, and afterwards in premises in the centre of the town, now removed to make way for modern street improvements. About the year 1870 he transferred his business to premises in New Bridge Street; but, a few years ago, he retired from the active duties of commercial life. He still, however, continued to take an active interest in the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, of which he was treasurer, and also in the care of little ones at the Children's Hospital. For some years he officiated as librarian at the Newcastle Infirmary, but failing health compelled him to resign that position. Mr. Dodd was a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

Mr. John Dobson, another venerable tradesman of Newcastle, and an alderman of the City Council, died on the 16th of January. Born in Newcastle on the 6th



Alderman John Dobson.

of July, 1818, he served his time with Mr. Charles Rutherford Henzell, surgeon, of Percy Street; but, on the completion of his indentures, he entered the employment of Mr. Joseph Garnett, apothecary and chemist, to whose business he eventually succeeded. Mr. Dobson entered the Town Council on Nov. 3, 1871, and was elected an alderman on May 25, 1887.

Mr. Thomas Robson, of Lumley Thicks, manager of the Earl of Durham's extensive collieries at Lumley and Harraton, died on the 18th of January. Last year he was returned to the Durham County Council for the Chester-le-Street Division, and he was also chairman of the Chester-le-Street Board of Guardians and of the Rural Sanitary Authority. Mr. Robson was about 55 years of age.

Dr. W. H. Dixon, a medical practitioner at Sunderland, died at his residence in Frederick Street, in that town, on the 18th of January, at the age of sixty.

Mr. John Lawrence Hall, who, for upwards of half a century, had carried on the business of ironmonger in South Shields, died at his residence in that town on the 19th of January. When the town was incorporated in 1850, he was elected one of the first members of the Council, on which, however, he served only two years.

Dr. Henry Welsh, a medical gentleman in practice at Hebburn, died there on the 20th of January.

On the 21st of January, died Mr. Robert Cooper, of Framlington Place, who succeeded his father in the direction of one of the best established brush manufacturing businesses in Newcastle.

On the 21st of January, intelligence reached Sunderland of the death, which had taken place in London on the previous day, of Dr. Thomas Thompson Pyle, son-in-law of Sir George Elliot, M.P.

Lady Northbourne, mother of the Hon. W. H. James, M.P. for Gateshead, died at the family residence at Bettesshanger, near Sandwich, in the county of Kent, on the 21st of January. Her ladyship was a daughter of the late Mr. Cuthbert Ellison, of Hebburn Hall, to whose extensive property and estates in that neighbourhood, as well as at Gateshead and Jarrow, she succeeded as heiress. In 1841, she was married to Sir Walter Charles James, who was raised to the peerage as Baron Northbourne in 1884. Her ladyship was 78 years of age. Towards works of a benevolent and philanthropic character in the localities in which their interests were situated, Lady Northbourne and her husband were liberal and systematic contributors.

Mr. William Brignal, who was recognised as the oldest lawyer in the city of Durham, died at Gosforth, after a brief illness, on the 23rd of January. The deceased gentleman was in his 80th year.

On the 24th of January, Mr. Griffiths Roberts, of the firm of Hugh Roberts and Son, shipowners, and the owners of a fleet of steamships sailing from the Tyne, died at his residence, Brandling Park, Newcastle, at the age of 36 years.

Also, on the 24th of January, died the Rev. Edward L. Bowman, for many years vicar of Alston. The deceased clergyman, who was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, served as chaplain on board H.M. ship Tribune during the Crimean war. He was also in similar service in the Indian Mutiny, and in several other naval campaigns till 1875, when he was placed upon the retired list. The Lords of the Admiralty then presented him with the living of Alston.

The death was announced, as having occurred in the United States, on the 25th of January, of Mr. Horatio Allen, a friend and contemporary of George Stephenson, and the introducer of the first railway locomotive into America in 1828.

On the 28th of January, the death was announced, in his 58th year, of Dr. J. E. Macdonald, of Byker, Newcastle, and formerly colliery doctor to the Haswell and Shotton Colliery Company.

The remains of Mr. John Briggs were brought from the Isle of Wight, where he had died, and were interred in Wooler churchyard on the 29th of January. The deceased, was 34 years of age.

The death was announced, on the 30th of January, of the Rev. F. W. Ruxton, Rector of Willington (Durham). The deceased clergyman, who was formerly a lieutenant in the 16th Regiment, was in the 63rd year of his age. He had been 34 years at Willington.

News was received on the same day, of the death at Johannesburg, South Africa, on the 2nd of January, of Mr. Joseph G. Patterson, who was well known in Newcastle, having been for many years traveller to Messrs. Harvey and Davey, tobacco manufacturers. Mr. Patterson was 59 years of age.

On the 30th of January, the death was announced, as having taken place in Tasmania, of Mr. John Woodcock Graves, author of the famous hunting song "D'y'e Ken John Peel!" Mr. Graves had reached the advanced age of 95 years. (See vol. i., page 182.)

On the same day, Dr. David Hope Watson, F.R.C.P., Edinburgh, died at Stockton, at the age of 54 years.

The remains of Mrs. Mary Elgey, of Copland Terrace, Newcastle, who had died a few days before, were

interred in All Saints' Cemetery on January 31. Previous to (and, indeed, some time after) the introduction of cabs, the Elgey family were enterprising providers of the once well-known Sedan chairs. The venerable lady claimed that she was the last person in Newcastle who used to let those vehicles out on hire.

On the 31st January, also, the death was announced from Cambridge, of Mr. Martin Burn, a native of Newcastle, who, as a civil engineer, had had a distinguished career in India.

On the 3rd of February, the death was announced, as having taken place at Eastbourne, England, of the Hon. W. F. Walker, who, emigrating from Morpeth as a young man, settled in Melbourne, Australia, where he attained to the position of Commissioner of Customs, and also became a member of the Victorian Parliament.

Mr. William Marley, who for several years occupied the post of county inspector under the West Hartlepool Improvement Commissioners and the more recently formed Corporation, died on the 4th of February.

On the same day, at the age of 33, died Charles Green, M.D., former Medical Officer of Health, Gateshead, and afterwards Medical Officer of Health for the east district of the parish of Gateshead. The deceased was a prominent Freemason, and was surgeon to the Newcastle Artillery Volunteers.

On the 5th of February, the death was announced, as having taken place at Leeds, whither he had gone to undergo an operation, of Mr. Thomas L. Ainsley, long well known, first as a teacher of navigation, and afterwards as a nautical instrument maker and publisher of works on navigation and kindred subjects, in North Shields. Mr. Ainsley was between 60 and 70 years of age.

Mr. Alderman Affleck, of Gateshead, died on the 7th of February, in his 76th year. The deceased gentleman, who was at one time an extensive and successful builder, but had latterly retired from active business, was a Justice of the Peace, and had been Mayor of Gateshead two years in succession.

On the 10th of February, a telegram was received from Norwich, U.S., announcing the death of Mr. T. S. Hudson (late of the Hudson Steamship Company), formerly chairman of the West Hartlepool School Board. He was only 43 years of age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JANUARY.

11.—Sir Edward Grey, M.P., presided at the annual meeting of the Newcastle Farmers' Club. Sir Jacob Wilson was elected president for the ensuing year.

12.—Mr. W. E. Church was the lecturer at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, in connection with the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, his subject being "Punch: Its History, Influence, and Most Notable Contributors."

—By a fire which broke out at a grain elevator at Baltimore, the Tyne steamer *Sacrobosco* was burned, and three of her crew were supposed to have been drowned.

13.—A young man named Allen, residing in the Milk

Market, died suddenly in the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, while acting as a supernumerary in one of the parts in the Christmas pantomime.

—The Rev. Canon Talbot, M.A., lecturer in Church history and doctrine in the dioceses of Durham, Ripon, and Newcastle, delivered the first of a series of lectures on "The Bible," in the Central Hall, Newcastle. The Bishop of Newcastle presided, and there was a crowded audience.

—Mr. H. M. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone and Emin Pasha, dined with Sir George Elliot, Bart., M.P., at Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo.

14.—A destructive fire occurred on the premises of Messrs. Langdale Brothers, manure manufacturers, St. Lawrence Road, Newcastle.

—During the prevalence of a strong westerly gale, the movements of shipping were much impeded in the river Tyne, and a new garden wall, 600 feet in length and 30 feet high, was blown down at Bythorn, Corbridge.

—On the occasion of the death, from Russian influenza, of Earl Cairns, his brother, the Hon. Herbert John Cairns, the successor to the title, was resident in Newcastle, holding a responsible position at the Elswick Factory of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. The new earl, owing to illness from a similar cause, was unable to attend his brother's funeral in London.

15.—Mr. W. H. Patterson, one of the agents of the Durham miners, was elected a representative of the North Ward in the Durham Town Council.

—The Rev. Frank Walters, of the Church of Divine Unity, delivered the first of a course of lectures on the English poets in the new Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle. The subject was "Shakspeare," and the Mayor (Mr. T. Bell) presided over a large audience.

—The marriage of Miss Helen Blanche Pease, third surviving daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Pease, of Hutton Hall, near Guisborough, with Mr. Edward Lloyd Pease, second son of the late Mr. Henry Pease, of Darlington, took place at the Friends' Meeting House at Guisborough.

—The platers' helpers and anglesmiths' strikers employed in the Wear shipyards agreed to accept an advance of a shilling per week in their wages.

—Considerable damage was done by a fire which broke out in an oil warehouse, used by Mr. R. H. N. Cook, in Sandgate, Newcastle.

—It was agreed to increase by a shilling per week the wages of scavengers, road men, and charge men in the employment of the Newcastle Corporation.

—Mr. Johnson Hedley presided at the annual social gathering of the Newcastle Sketching Club.

—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. William Bewicke, of Threepwood, Northumberland, had been proved, the personal estate being valued at £11,223 17s. 10d.

16.—The members of the Mickley Lodge of the Northumberland Miners' Union met in the schoolroom, Mickley Square, to make presentations to Mr. Richardson and Mr. Scorer, old officials of the union, Mr. Scorer receiving a purse of gold, a marble timepiece being given to Mr. Richardson, who was for several years president of the lodge. Mr. John Bell presided, and the presentations were made by Mr. T. Burt, M.P.

—It was decided to dissolve the Newcastle Literary Club.

17.—An alarming explosion of gas occurred at 10, Ellison Terrace, Newcastle, and the front of the house was completely wrecked. An old man and his wife and



Effects of Explosion in Ellison Terrace.

three young children were buried in the rubbish, but were rescued by the passers-by.

—A summary was published of the will of Mr. George Routledge, J.P., of London, and Croft House and Hardhurst, Cumberland, the gross value of the personal estate being £94,774 9s. The testator left several bequests to his widow, Mary Grace, a daughter of the late Alderman Bell, of Newcastle.

18.—During a violent storm of wind and rain, Mr. Robert Paton, the contractor for the conveyance of the mails between Morpeth and Rothbury, was proceeding towards the latter place, when the horse and gig were upset by the force of the hurricane. The unfortunate man was afterwards found by one of his sons and a party of searchers on the road near Longhorsley Moor, with his head under the edge of the vehicle, life being quite extinct. Mr. Paton, who was 56 years of age, was well known in the district, in which he had travelled for many years; and on the occasion of the great snowstorm in March, 1886, he rode into Morpeth at midnight, "sheeted in ice from head to foot, and encrusted in frozen snow." The gale continued with great fury on the following day (Sunday), and such was the alarming sensation to which it gave rise, that the service which was being held in the Presbyterian Church, Morpeth, in the evening had to be abandoned.

—It was reported that a death from the influenza epidemic had been registered at Gateshead. In the course of the month, several deaths from the same disease took place at Sunderland. The Schools at Greenhead, near Haltwhistle, had to be temporarily closed on account of the epidemic.

—The Northumberland coalowners offered, and the deputies accepted, an advance of 6d. per day in their

wages; the mechanics at the same time receiving an advance of a little over 4d.

19.—A fire, which proved to be very destructive, broke out in the quartermasters' stores and pay office at Carlisle Castle, used as the depot of the Border Regiment.

—The lecturer at the Tyne Theatre, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, was Miss E. Orme, LL.B., who addressed a large audience on "Modern Idols."

20.—In pursuance of a local tree-planting movement, a number of lime trees were planted at the base of Bondgate Hill, Alnwick. The first tree was planted by County Alderman Adam Robertson.

21.—In response to an application for an increase of 15 per cent. in the wages of the men, the Durham Coalowners' Association intimated their inability to make any further advance, unless or until a much higher invoice price of coal was realised than had yet been obtained.

22.—As the result of a public meeting held at Durham, under the presidency of the Earl of Durham, a committee was appointed to consider the best means of perpetuating the memory of the late Dr. Lightfoot, bishop of the diocese.

—The iron and steel works at Walker, and the premises known as the Elswick Forge, Elswick, Newcastle, were put up for sale by auction, but in neither case was a sale effected.

23.—Under the presidency of the Bishop of Newcastle, a breakfast, followed by a meeting, was held in the County Hotel, Newcastle, for the purpose of hearing addresses from several gentlemen interested in the abolition of the Indian opium trade with China.

—A communication was forwarded to the Northumberland Coalowners' Association, from the representatives of the miners, applying for an advance of 20 per cent. in wages.

24.—Another oil fire occurred at Sunderland, but was not attended with any serious consequences.

—Mr. Mordaunt Cohen, aged 26, coal merchant, residing at 39, Osborne Road, Newcastle, was found dead in bed, with a bullet wound in his head. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst in a despondent state of mind."

25.—The body of James Anderson, the missing North Shields police inspector, was found near the Scarp landing at North Shields. The coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased was drowned on the 24th December last, but that there was no evidence to show how he got into the water. (See *ante*, page 94.)

—The members of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club dined together at the County Hotel, Newcastle, in celebration of the 131st anniversary of the poet's birth, the chair being occupied by Mr. Adam Carse, and the vice-chair by Dr. Adam Wilson. The Rev. Frank Walters gave the toast of the evening.

—Mr. Nicholas Gregory, manager of Loughbirst Colliery, Northumberland, was accidentally killed by a fall of stone in the mine at that place.

—Heavy floods took place in the Tees and in Swale.

dale. In the latter case, Mother Shipton's prophecy that Brompton would be washed away was nearly fulfilled, the river carrying away a portion of the road and embankment railings.

—Several persons were injured by a collision which took place between the slow train leaving Berwick-on-Tweed for the North at 5:30 p.m. and a goods train at Burnmouth. Some of the sufferers subsequently died.

—A building, purchased and adapted as a gymnasium and church institute for St. James's parish, Gateshead, was opened in Back Peareth Street, in that town.

26.—Damage to the extent of between £2,000 and £3,000 was caused by a fire which broke out on the premises known as Hepple's Slipway, in Dotwick Street, North Shields.

—Mr. E. J. C. Morton lectured in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "Mazzini." Mr. C. Fenwick, M.P., presided.

27.—The wages of puddlers in the manufactured iron trade of the North of England were advanced, under the sliding scale, 3d. per ton, and those of all other forge and mill workmen $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

—Mr. Valentine Smith, the well-known tenor vocalist, opened a fortnight's season of English opera in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The temporary stage on which the performances were given was erected at the gallery, or northern end of the building. (See page 135.)

28.—The electric light was successfully installed on the Quayside, Newcastle, by the Northumberland and District Electric Lighting Company.

—Owing to the difficulty of stopping them, three horses attached to a furniture van belonging to Messrs. Bainbridge and Company were suddenly projected into the area in front of the house, 27, Westmoreland Terrace, Newcastle; but although a good deal of damage was done to property, no one, happily, was hurt.

—A meeting in honour of the Marquis of Londonderry was held in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, under the presidency of the Duke of Abercorn.

29.—Mr. Alderman Gray, J.P., laid the foundation stone of a new Baptist chapel on the corner side of Tower and Archer Streets, West Hartlepool.

—Mr. William Dickinson, merchant, was elected an Alderman of Newcastle.

—The seventy-second annual meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries was held under the presidency of the Earl of Ravensworth.

—The members of the North of Scotland Society held their first annual supper and ball in Newcastle.

30.—Major John R. Carr-Ellison was married to Miss Edith Maude Mary Fenwick-Cleennell, at Harbottle.

—The marriage of Mr. Henry Gladstone, third son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., to Miss Maude Rendel, second daughter of Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P., took place in St. Margaret's Church, London. The gifts to the bride included a costly pearl and pink topaz necklace from Lord Armstrong, Mr. Rendel being one of the largest shareholders in the great Elswick firm.

—Mr. J. C. Stevenson, M.P., delivered his annual address to his constituents at South Shields.

FEBRUARY.

2.—Mr. Henry Blackburn, editor of "Academy Notes," delivered an interesting lecture in the Tyne Theatre,

Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "The Value of a Line." Mr. Ralph Hedley presided.

—Mr. William Cowans, a young man belonging to London, was found dead in a field at Middlesbrough, a revolver lying by his side. The deceased had been paying his addresses to an actress in the latter town. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst temporarily insane."

3.—Handsome and spacious new premises, erected as a post-office, were opened in Saville Street, North Shields.

4.—The Cleveland mineowners declined to grant an advance of 15 per cent. in wages.

—A credit balance of £129 18s. 3d. was reported at the annual meeting of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society.

—An advance of a shilling per week was granted to the men employed in the marine engineering trade of Mid-Tyne, Shields, and Sunderland.

—An addition of 10 per cent. in wages was conceded to the trimmers of steam coal in the Tyne.

—A destructive fire took place on the drapery premises of Messrs. R. Taylor and Son, of Northumberland House, Waterloo, Blyth.

5.—An advance of wages, to the extent of a shilling a week was offered to, and accepted by, the labourers in the marine engineering trade on the Tyne.

—A resolution in favour of a working day of twelve hours, six days a-week, and the abolition of fines, was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the employees of the Newcastle Tramways Company, held at midnight, and presided over by Mr. T. Burt, M.P.

—While a miner named Malone was melting some dynamite cartridges at Burradon Colliery, near Newcastle, they exploded, wrecking his and two adjoining houses, and injuring several persons.

—The new gunboat Persian, intended for service with the Australian squadron, was launched by Lady Berry, wife of Sir Graham Berry, agent-general for Victoria, from the shipbuilding yard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, Newcastle.

—All the drapers of Sunderland closed their premises at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday for the first time.

—Mr. Thomas Donnison, secretary to the Onward Building Society, Darlington, was found shot, though not dead, upon the premises of the society; and the directors deemed it necessary, pending an investigation into the accounts of the society, to suspend payment.

6.—The annual dinner of the Bewick Club was held under the presidency of Mr. H. H. Emmerson; and on the following evening, when Mr. Adam Carse occupied the chair, the Mayor of Newcastle opened the exhibition of works of art, the usual conversazione following.

—Earl Percy was elected vice-chairman of the Northumberland County Council.

—A local branch of the Theosophical Society was opened under the title of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge.

—It was intimated that the Right Rev. T. W. Wilkinson, D.D., had received from his Holiness the Pope his brief of translation to the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

7.—A dividend of $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. was declared at the annual meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company at York.

—Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., delivered his annual address to his constituents at Morpeth.

—After undergoing extensions and alterations, the Northern Conservative Club, in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, was re-opened by Earl Percy, and in the evening a dinner was held on the premises, under the presidency of his lordship.

—Mr. Augustus Whitehorn, solicitor, was elected an alderman of North Shields Town Council.

8.—Sir E. W. Watkin, M.P., lectured in Sunderland on the Channel Tunnel, and on the following evening he

Newcastle, to consider the position of the Volunteer forces of the county. The Duke of Northumberland presided, and amongst those present were Earl Percy, the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. T. Bell), and Sir W. Crossman.

—In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his business connection with Newcastle Quayside, Mr. Thomas Harper (Thomas Harper and Sons, King Street, Quayside), entertained a large company to dinner in the Douglas Hotel, Newcastle.

—Although no official report was issued upon the subject, it was stated that a ballot of the Durham miners was largely in favour of a strike, the owners having refused the advance of wages sought for.



Sir Edward Watkin.

discoursed in the Tyne Theatre on the same subject, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society.

—The Marquis of Londonderry was elected president of the Durham County Agricultural Society.

—In reply to an application for a further advance of 15 per cent. in the wages of the Northumberland miners, the coalowners intimated that they were unable to give any advance of wages at present, but were willing to reconsider the question when the next ascertainment of prices was taken for the months of December, January, and February.

9.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Tramway employees, it was resolved to form a branch of the National Labour Union.

10.—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. Philip Stephenson, of Park Road, Southport, railway contractor, who was born at Eighton Banks, near Gateshead, and who was a relative of George Stephenson, had been proved, the value of the personal estate being £27,906 11s. 5d.

—A meeting representing Northumberland, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Berwick, called by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the Duke of Northumberland, was held at

General Occurrences.

JANUARY.

10.—Dr. Döllinger, the well-known German theologian, died, at the age of 90, from influenza.

14.—Lord Napier of Magdala, Constable of the Tower of London, died from an attack of influenza, at the age of 80.

—Earl Cairns died in his 29th year. Death was due to influenza.

16.—Mr. Herbert Gladstone was awarded £1,000 damages in an action for libel which he had instituted against Colonel G. B. Malleson.

—Mr. Ernest Parke, proprietor and editor of the *North London Press*, was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to twelve months' imprisonment for publishing a defamatory libel about Lord Euston.

17.—Death of Mr. Christopher Talbot, M.P., at the age of 87. He was known as the "Father of the House of Commons," having sat for Glamorganshire uninterrupted since 1830.

18.—Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain, and only brother of the King of Italy, died at Turin, in his 45th year.

24.—The first passenger train ran over the Forth Bridge.

25.—Richard Davies, a tailor and draper, was brutally murdered near Crewe, his head being smashed with a hatchet. His two sons were afterwards arrested, and charged with the crime.

29.—Sir William Gull, an eminent physician, died at his residence, 74, Brook Street, London, at the age of 74.

—A report from Major Wissmann, the German explorer in East Africa, was received, announcing the capture and hanging of the Arab chief Bushiri.

FEBRUARY.

3.—*The Times* libel case, in which Mr. Parnell claimed £100,000 damages, was settled without going to trial, Mr. Parnell accepting a verdict for £5,000.

4.—The Duc de Montpensier, son of the late King Louis Philippe, died suddenly at San Lucar, Andalusia, at the age of 66.

6.—An appalling mine explosion occurred at the Llanerch Pits, Abersychan, Monmouth, by which 171 lives were lost.